

SPRING ISSUE  
No. 3

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# PLASTIC MAN

10¢

**Laugh and Thrill**  
at the  
**ALL NEW**  
Adventures of  
**PLASTIC MAN**  
and his pal  
**WOOZY!**





**WEB COMIC  
UNIVERSE.COM**



# VOLTO

## FROM MARS

VOLTO'S OUT-OF-THIS-WORLD MAGNETIC POWERS CONQUER A FIERY INFERNO IN THE TIMBERLANDS OF THE GREAT NORTHWEST ... SAVE JIMMY AND THE JUNIOR RANGERS FROM A TRAGIC FATE.

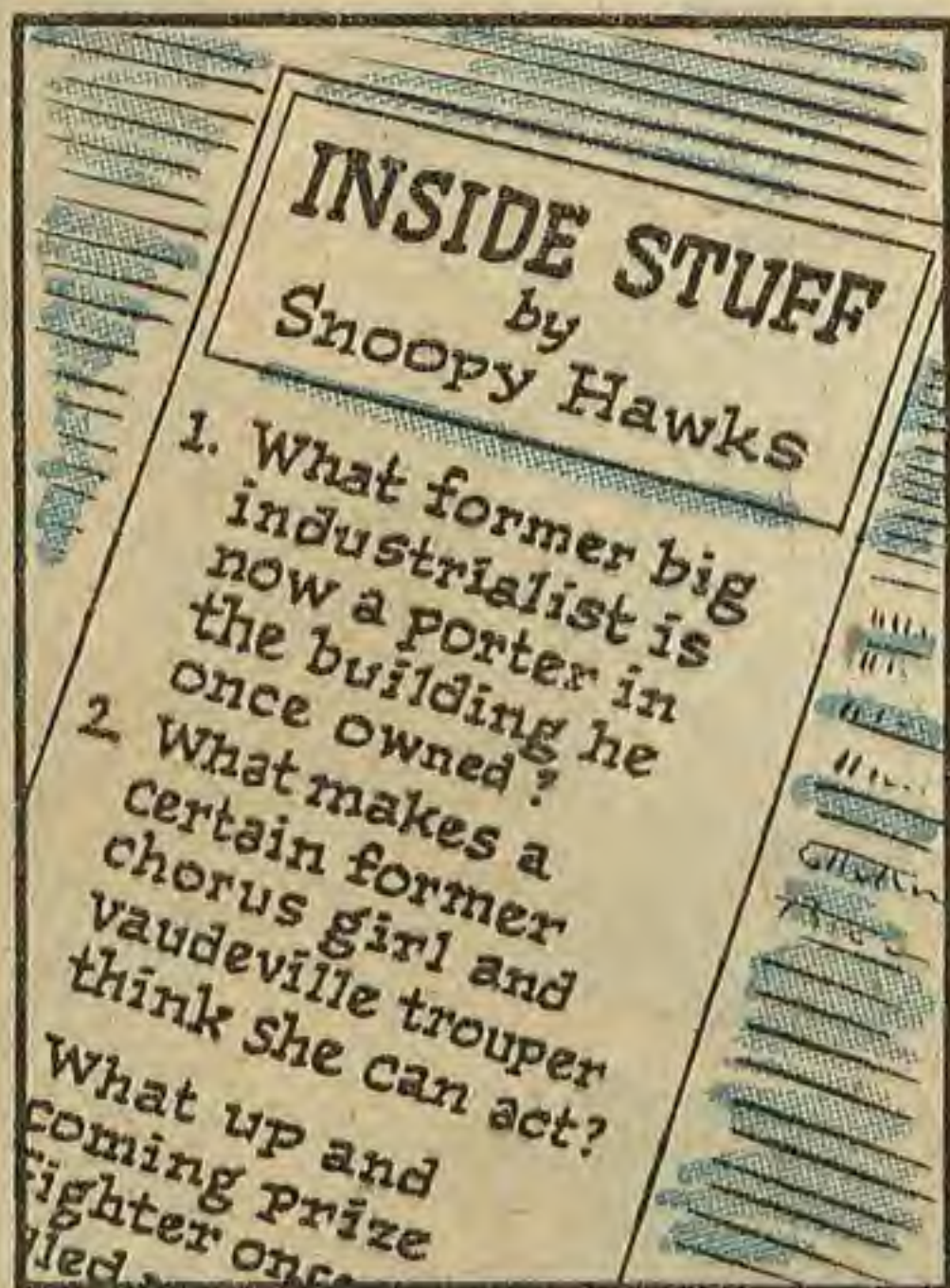
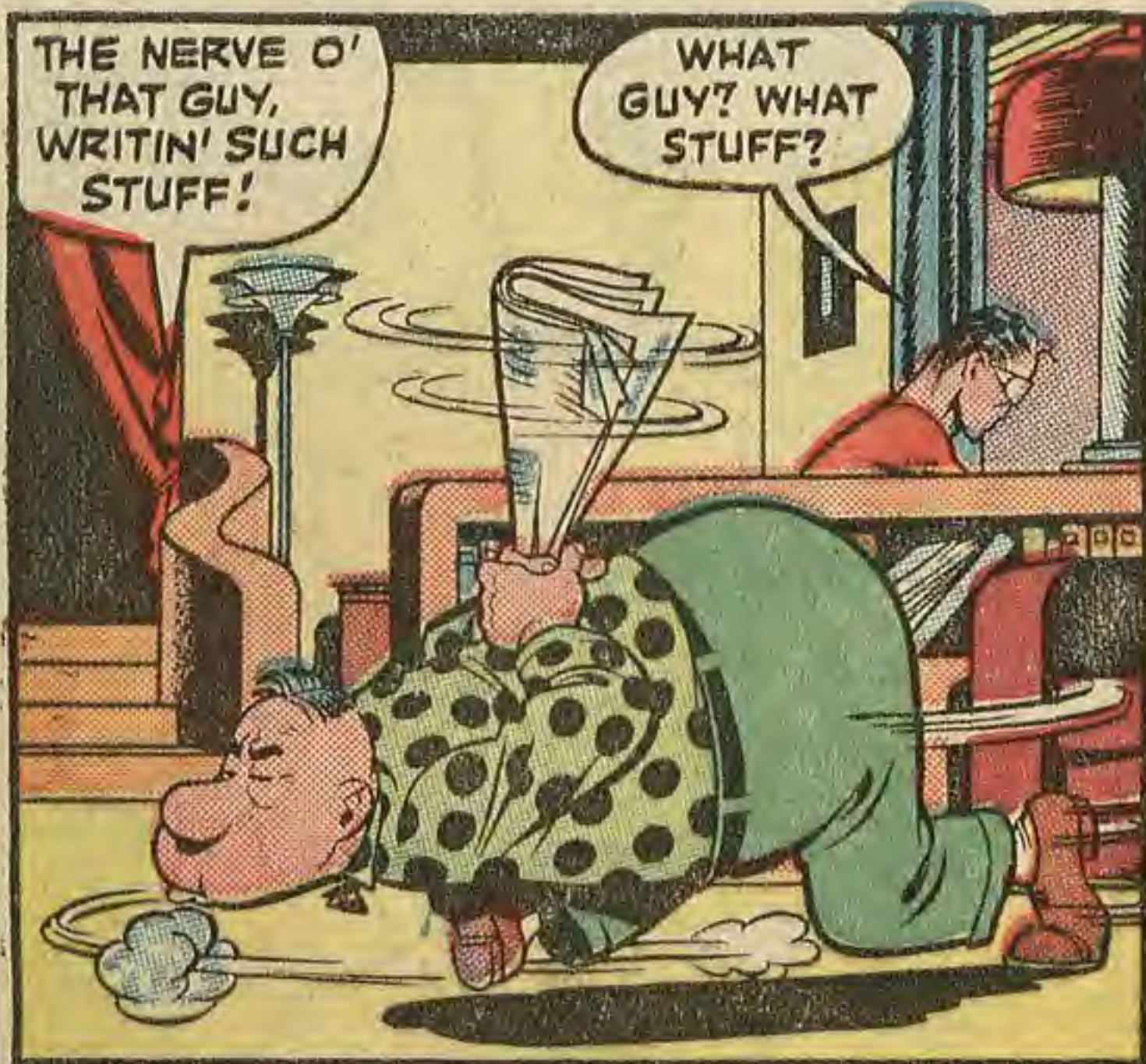




# PLASTIC MAN



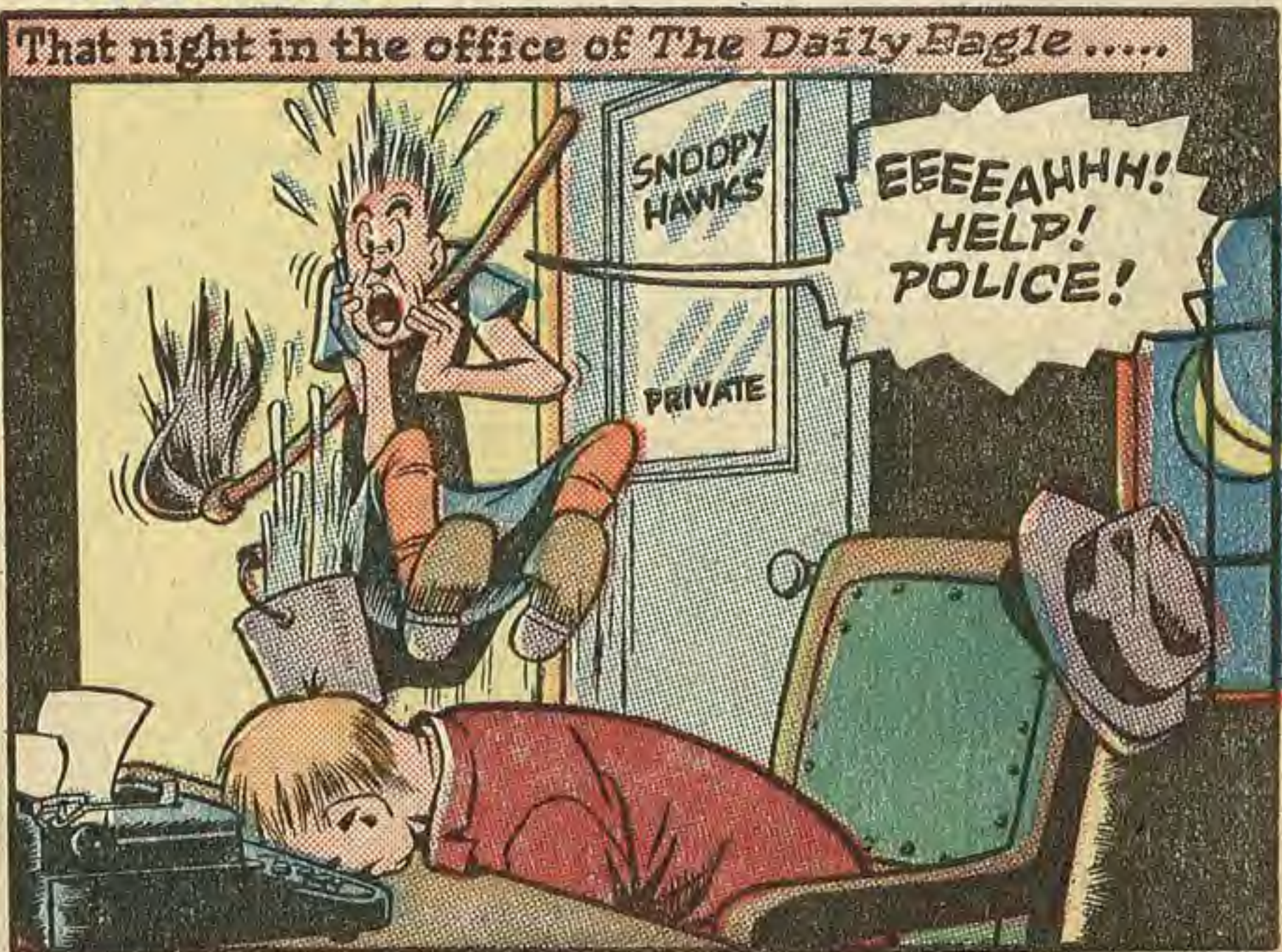




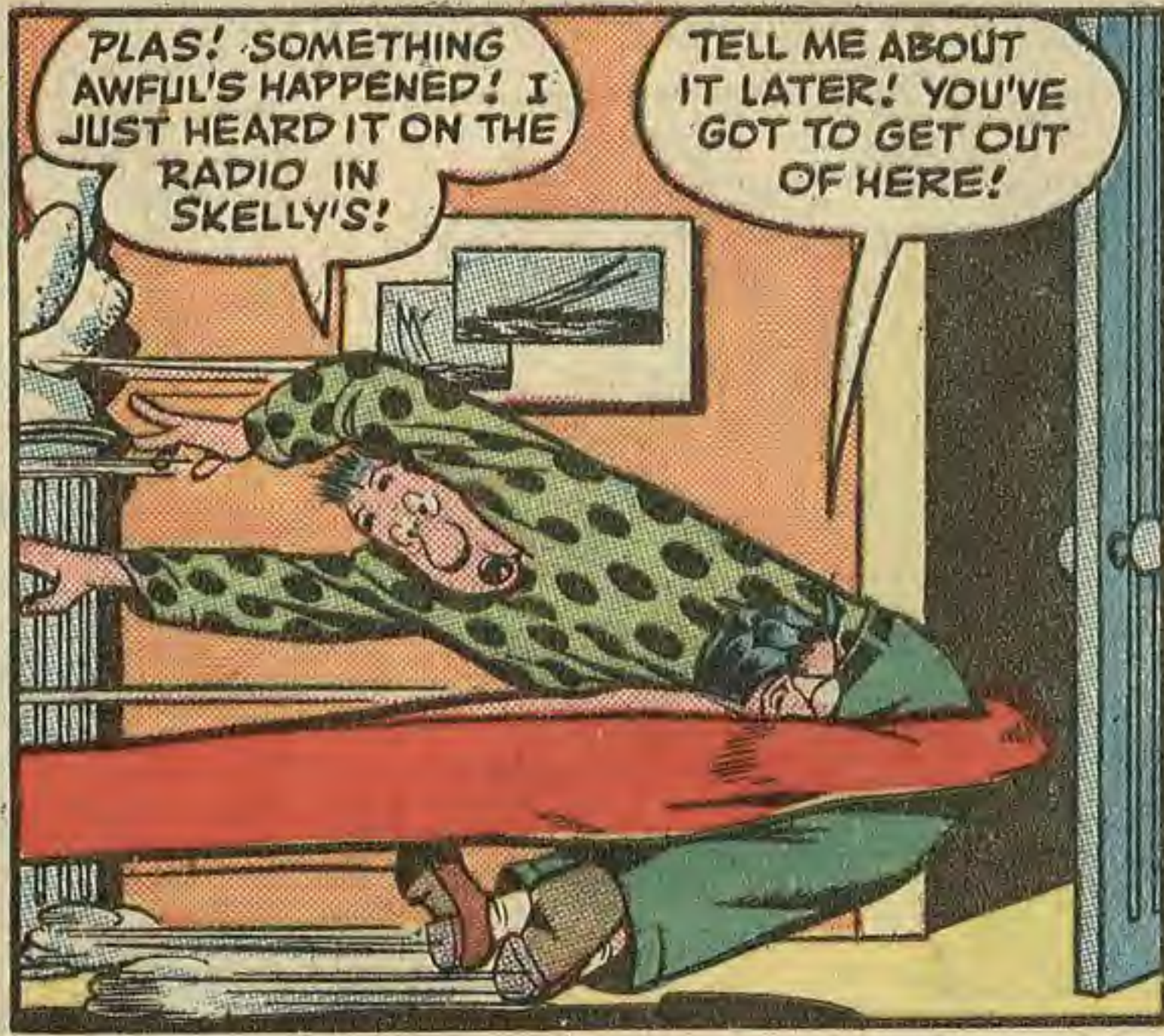


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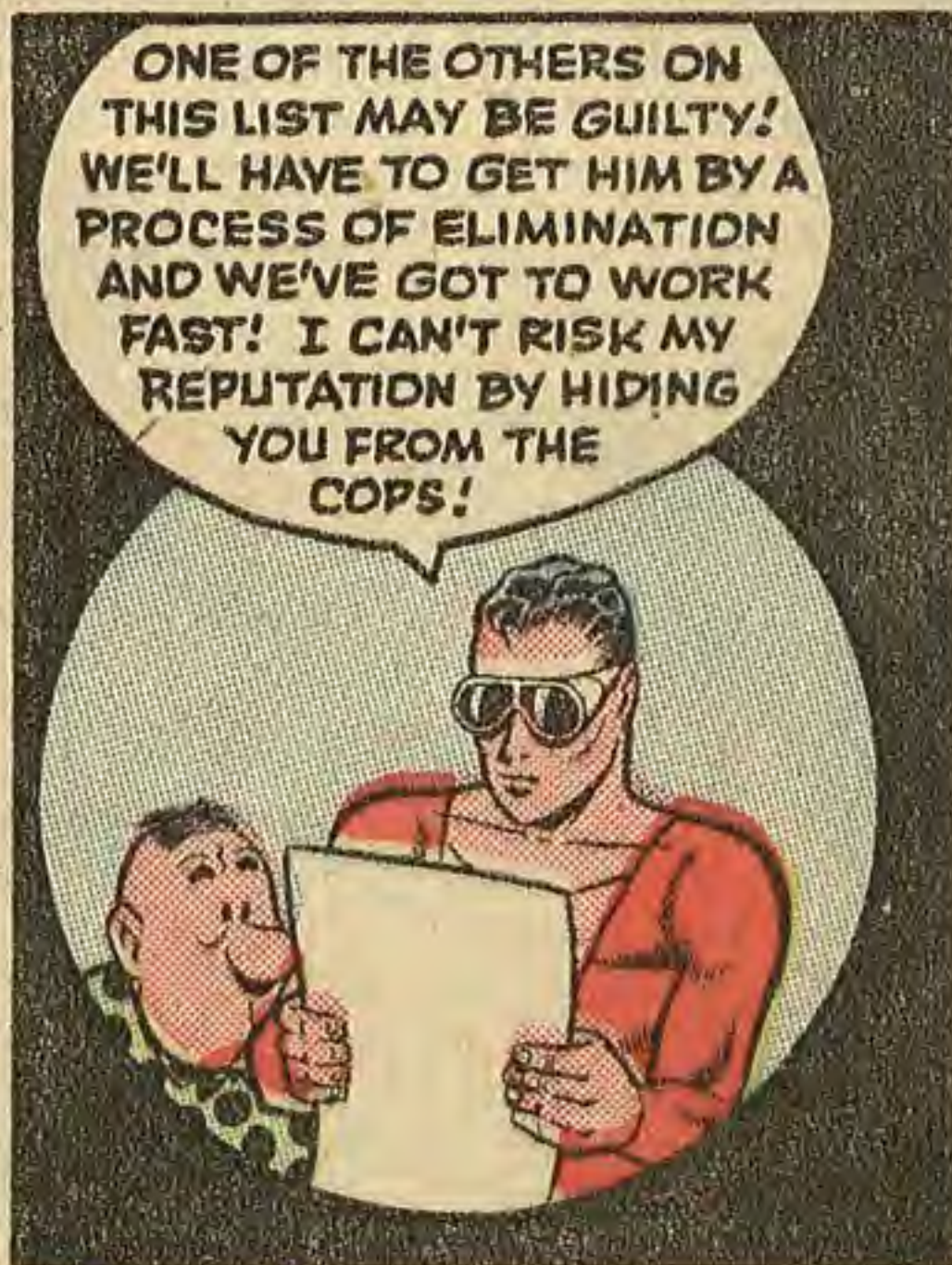
That night in the office of The Daily Eagle .....



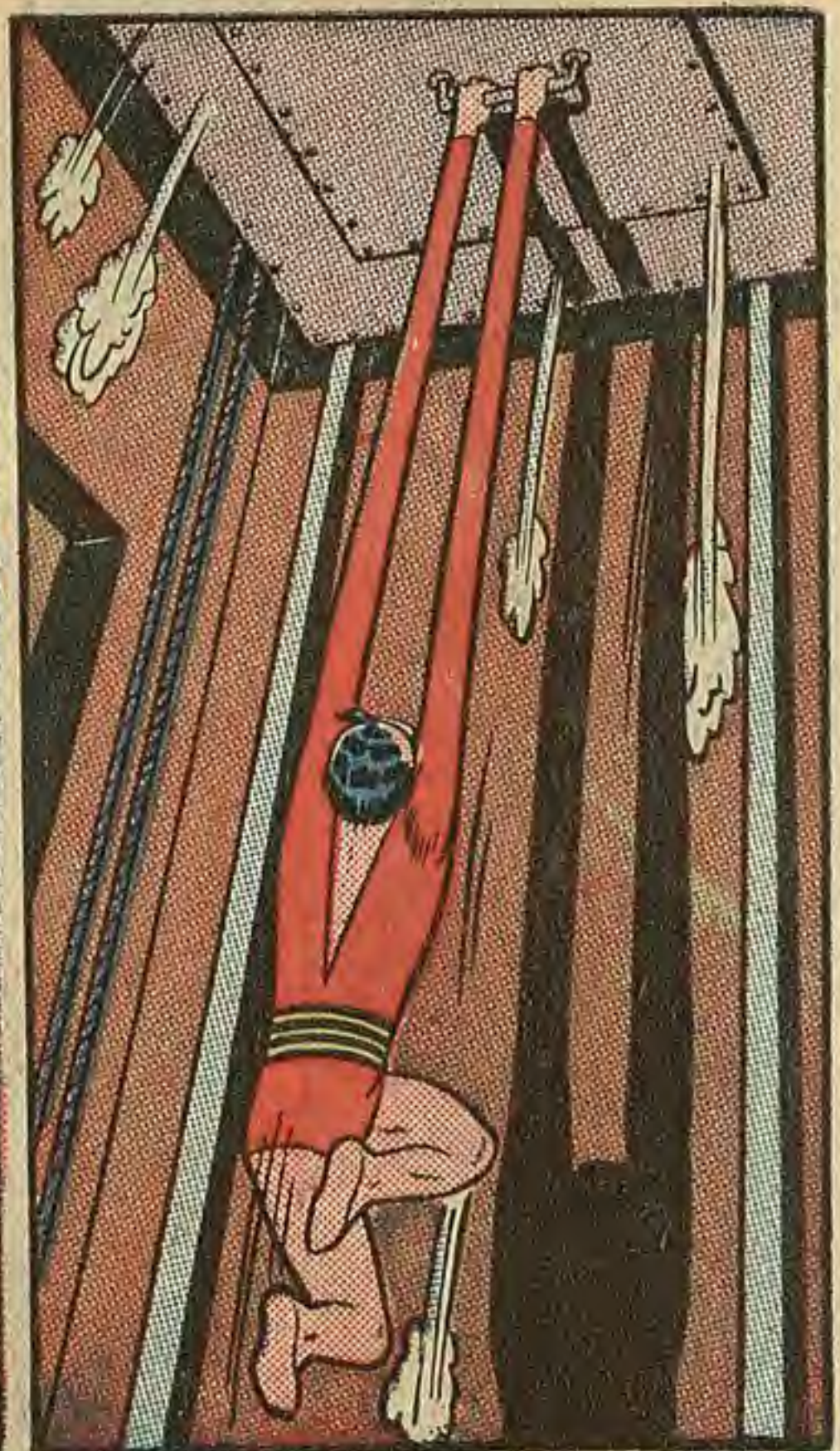






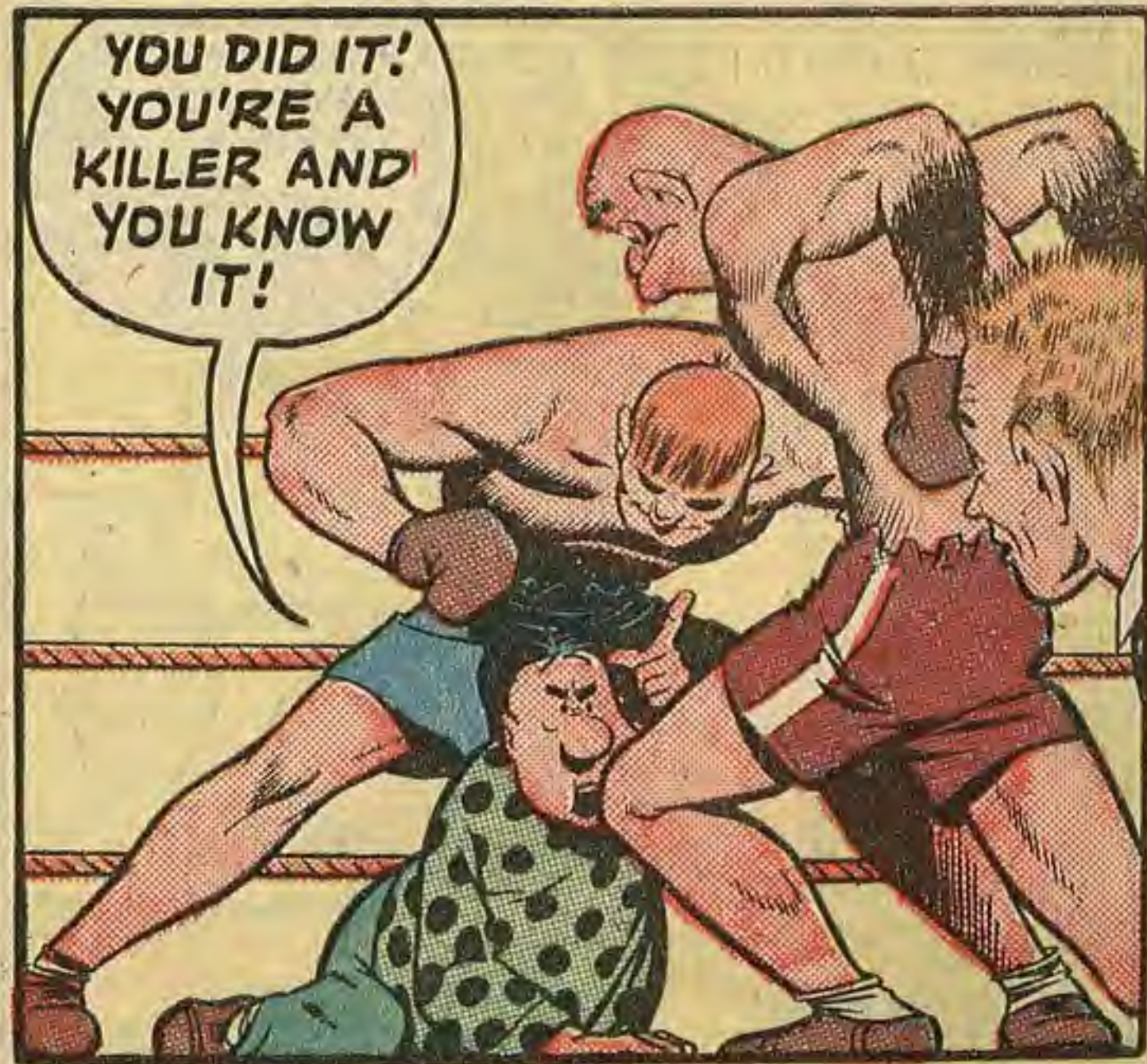
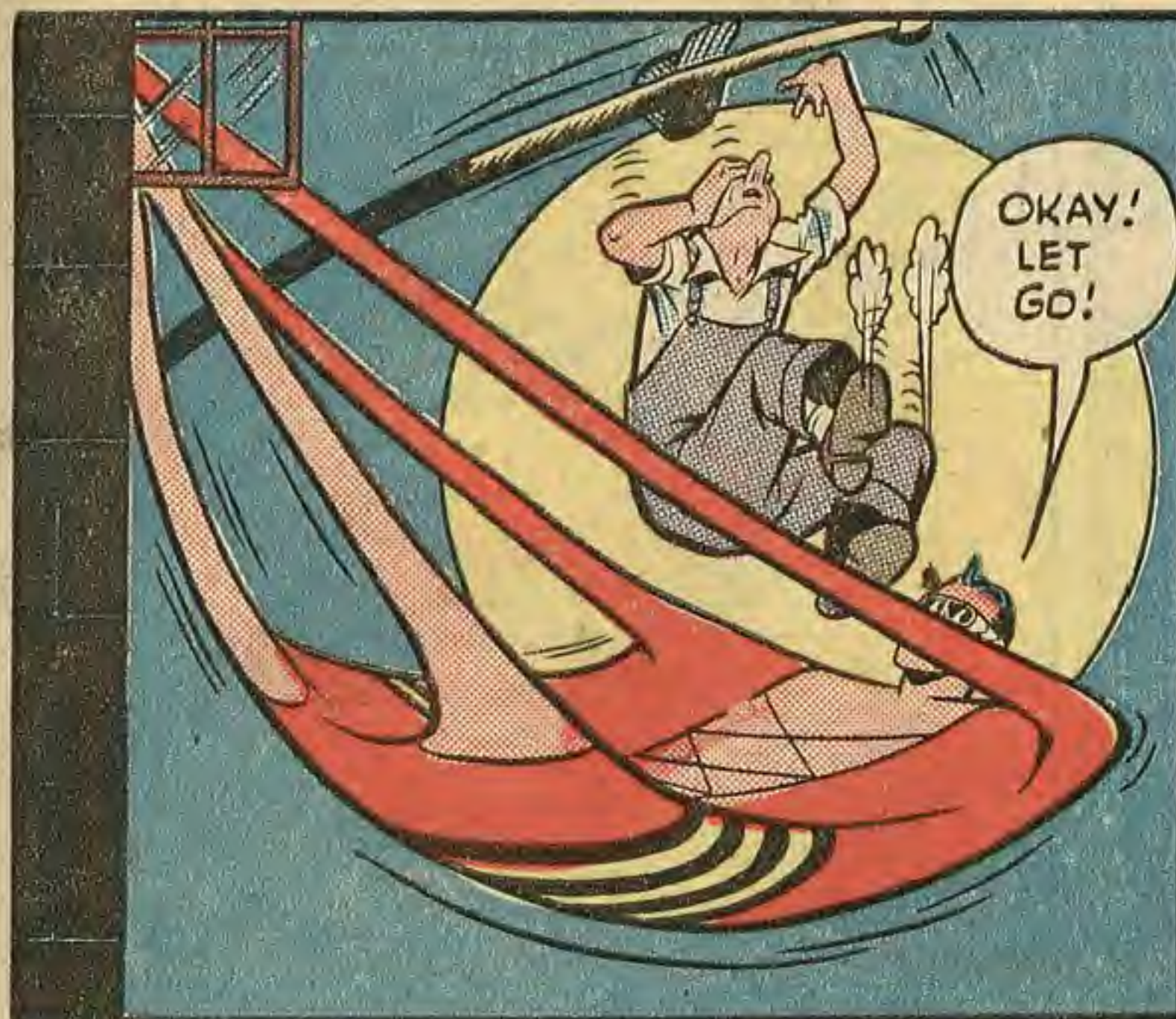
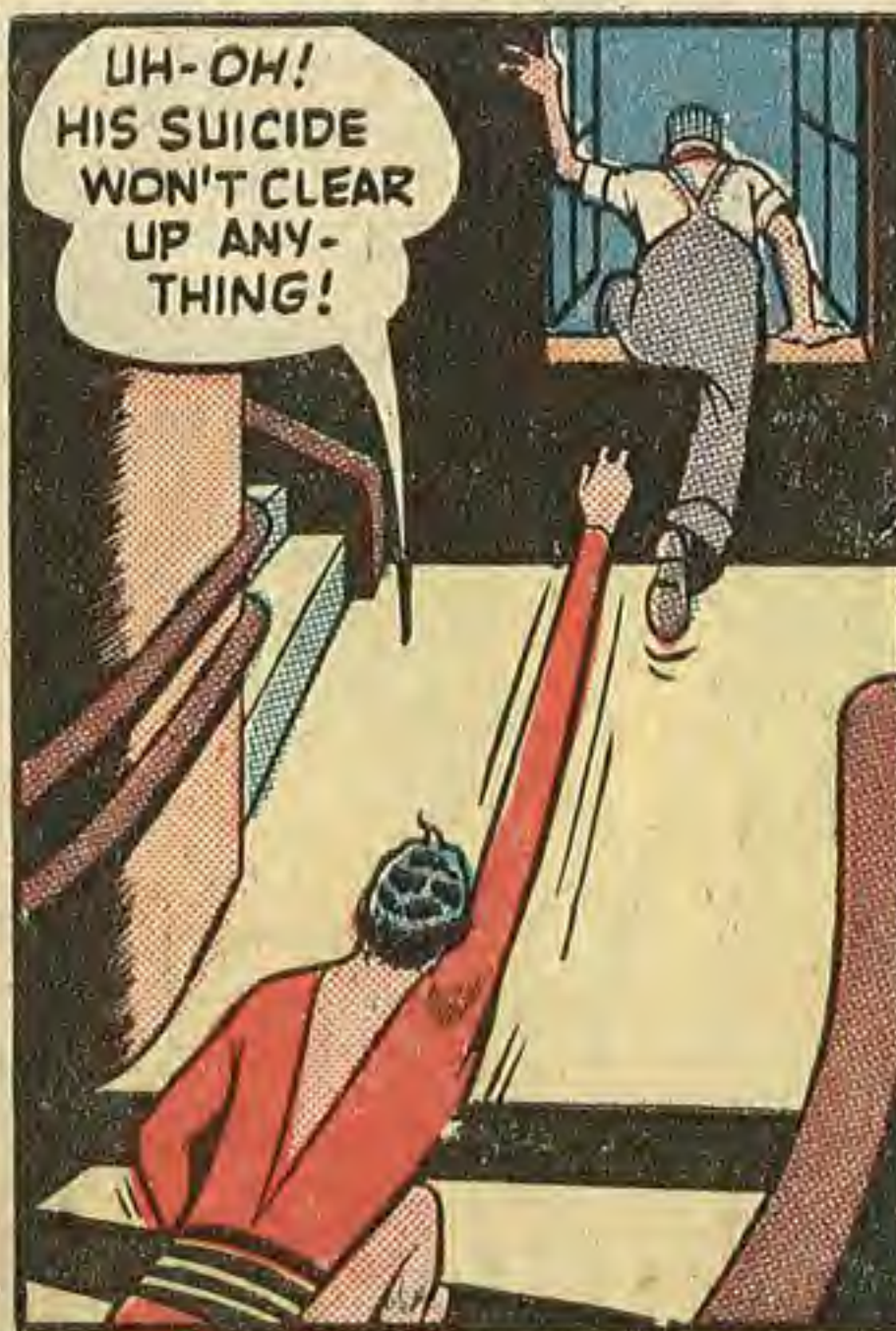




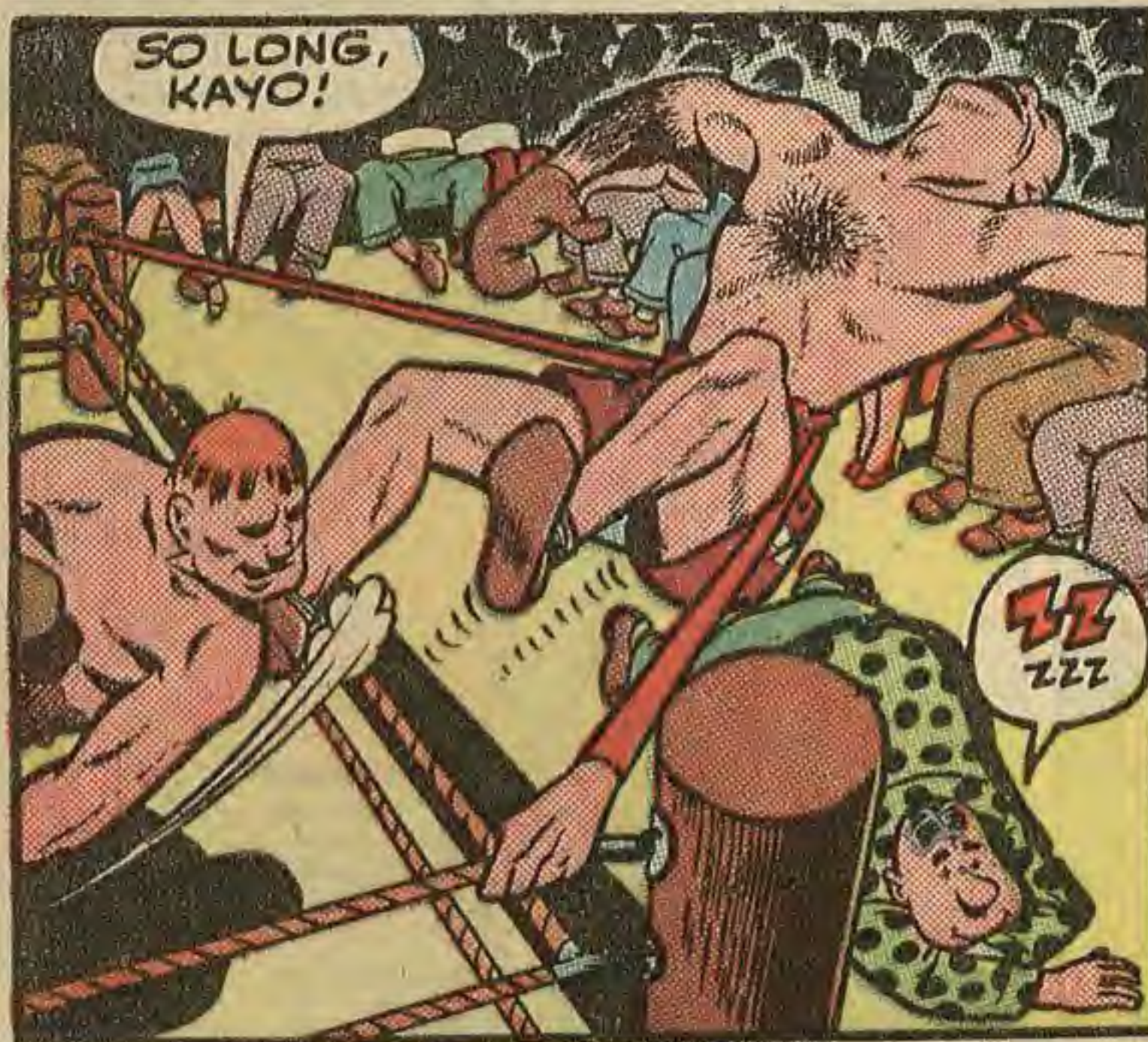
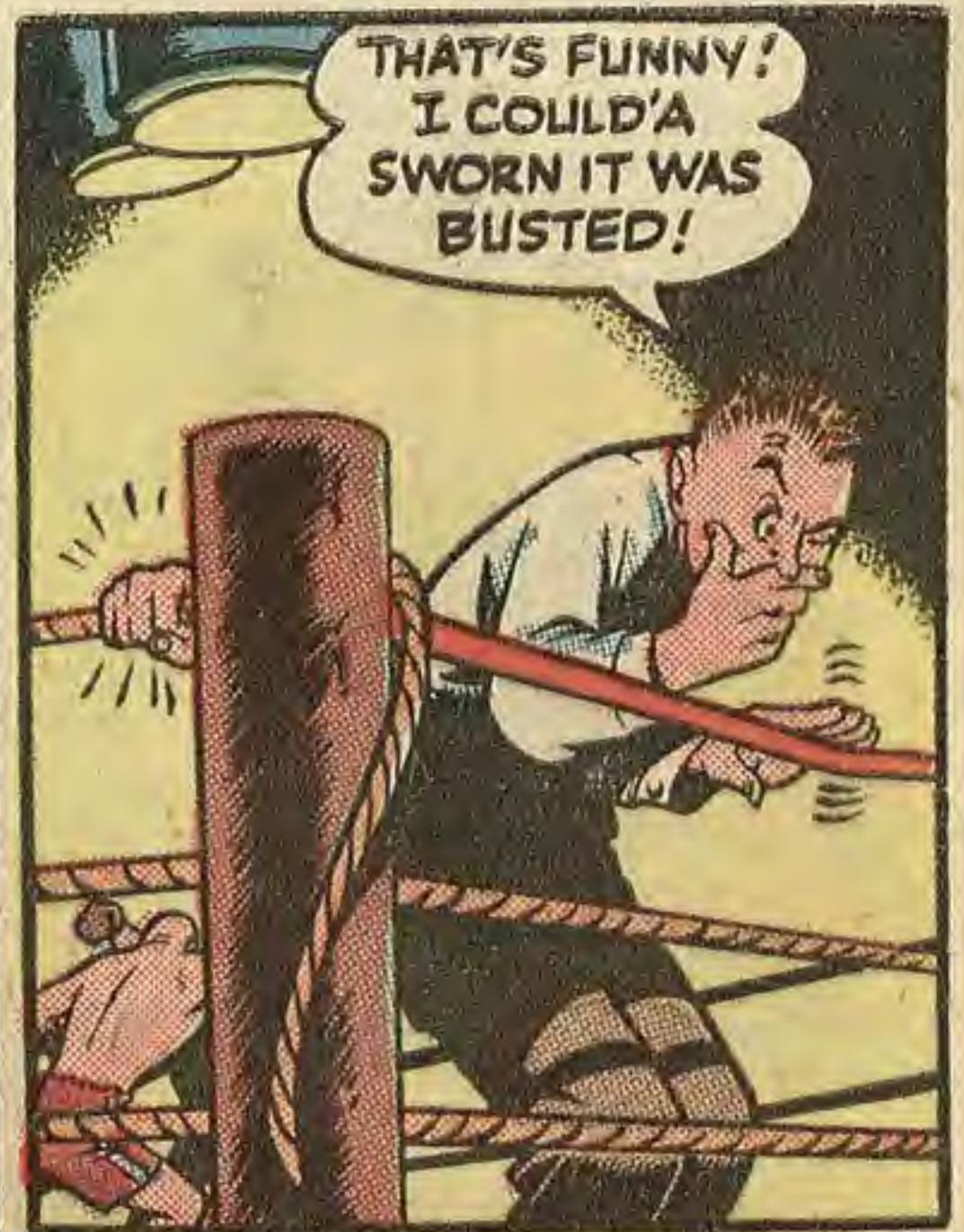
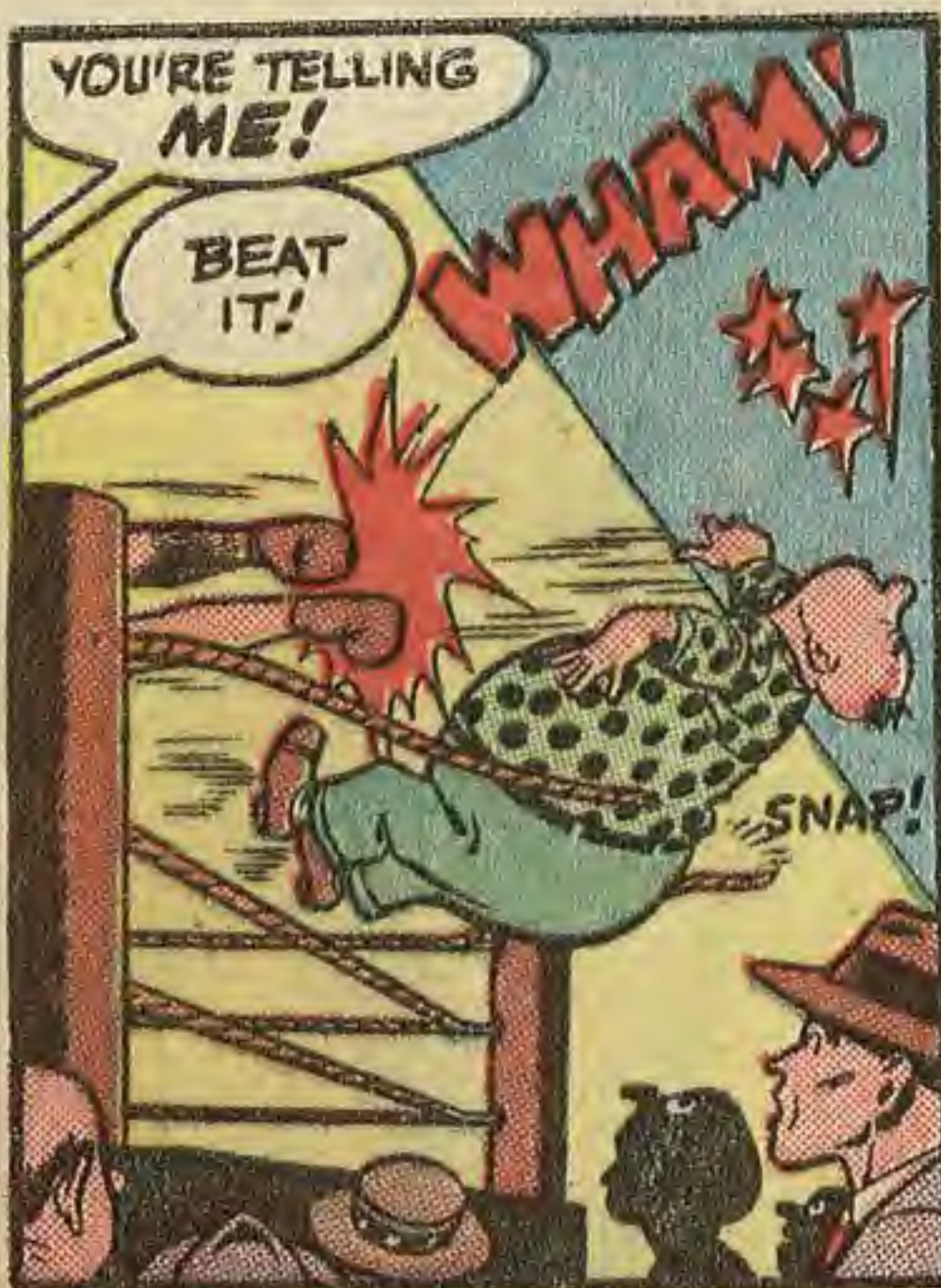




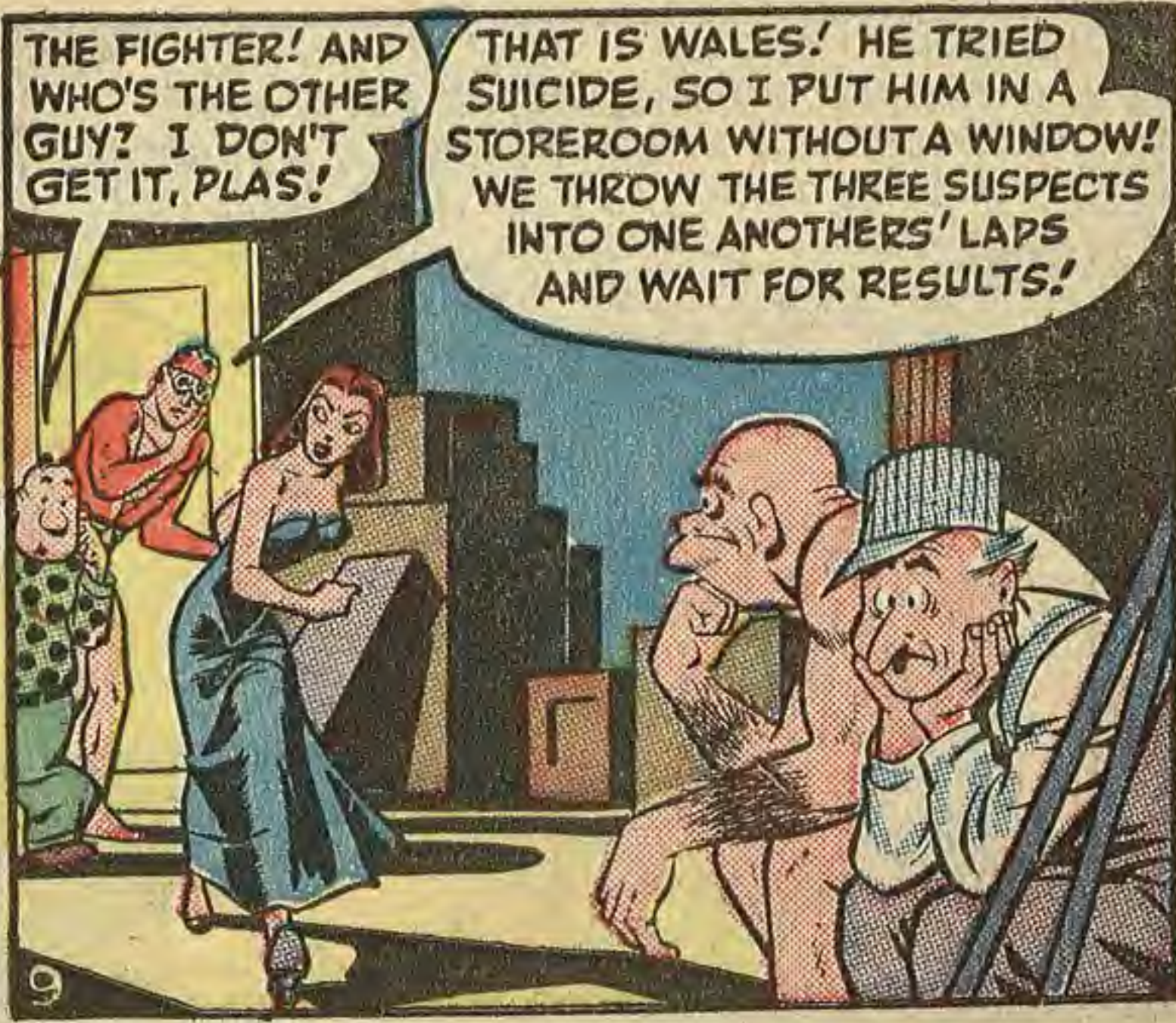
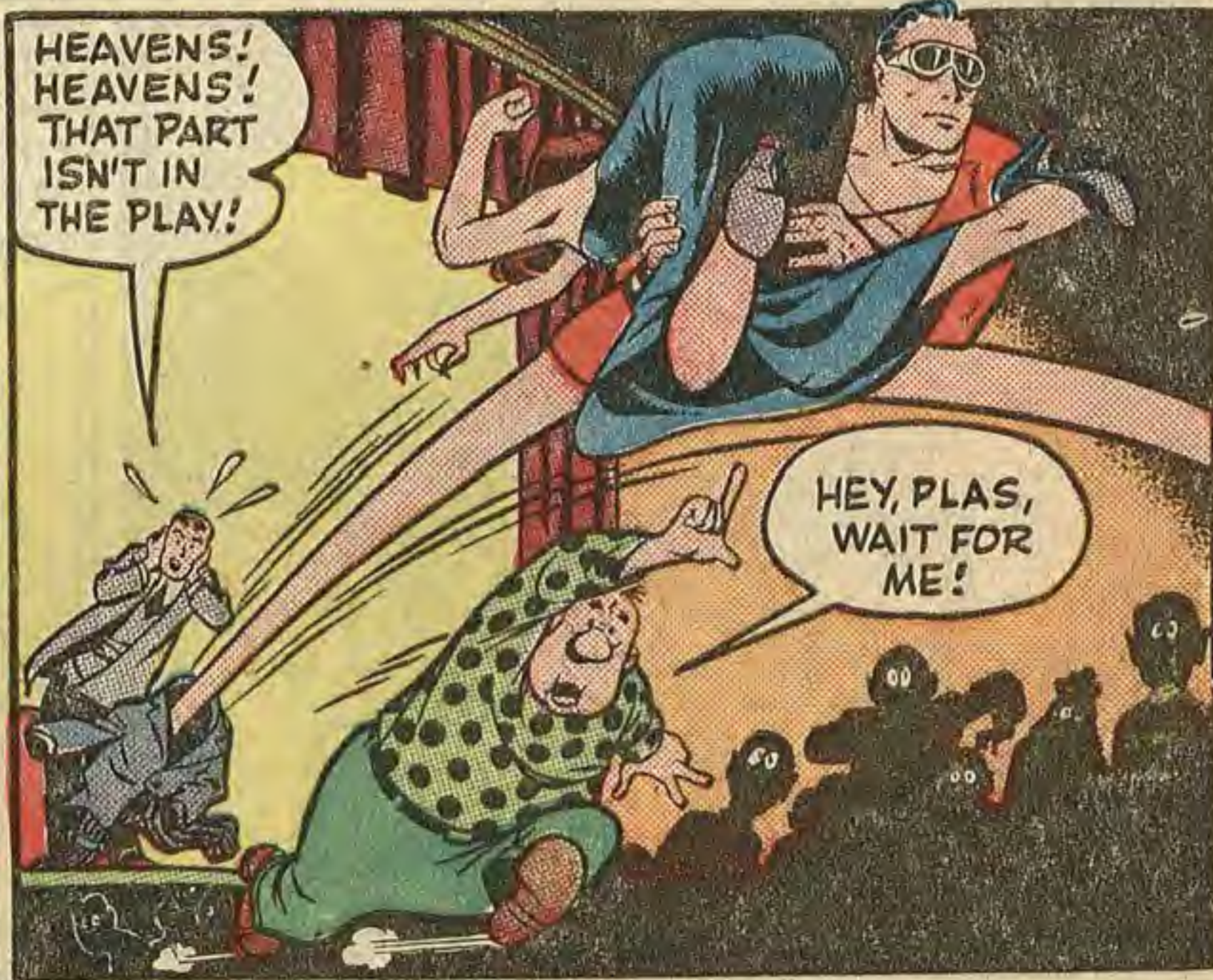
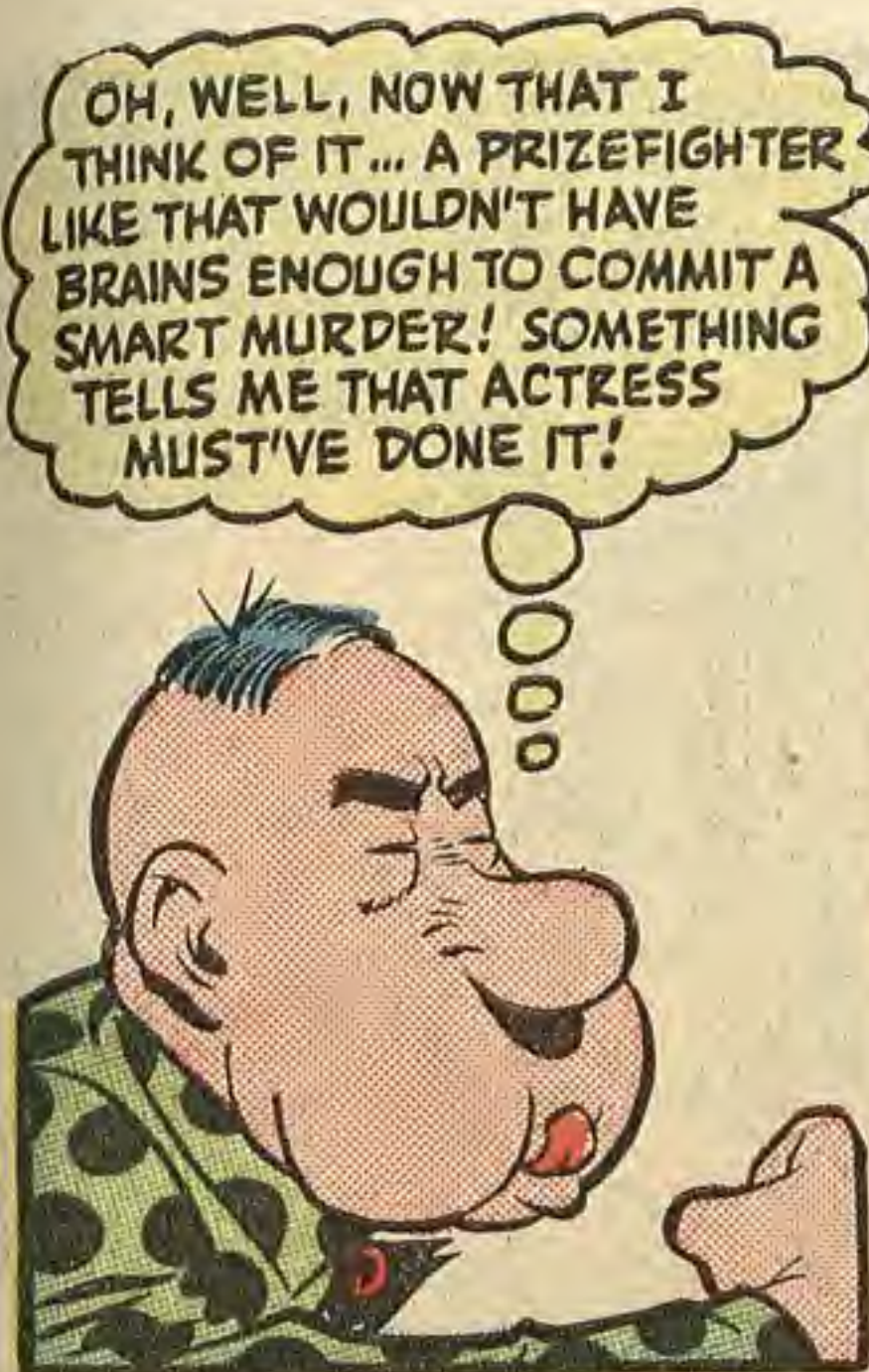
# PLASTIC MAN











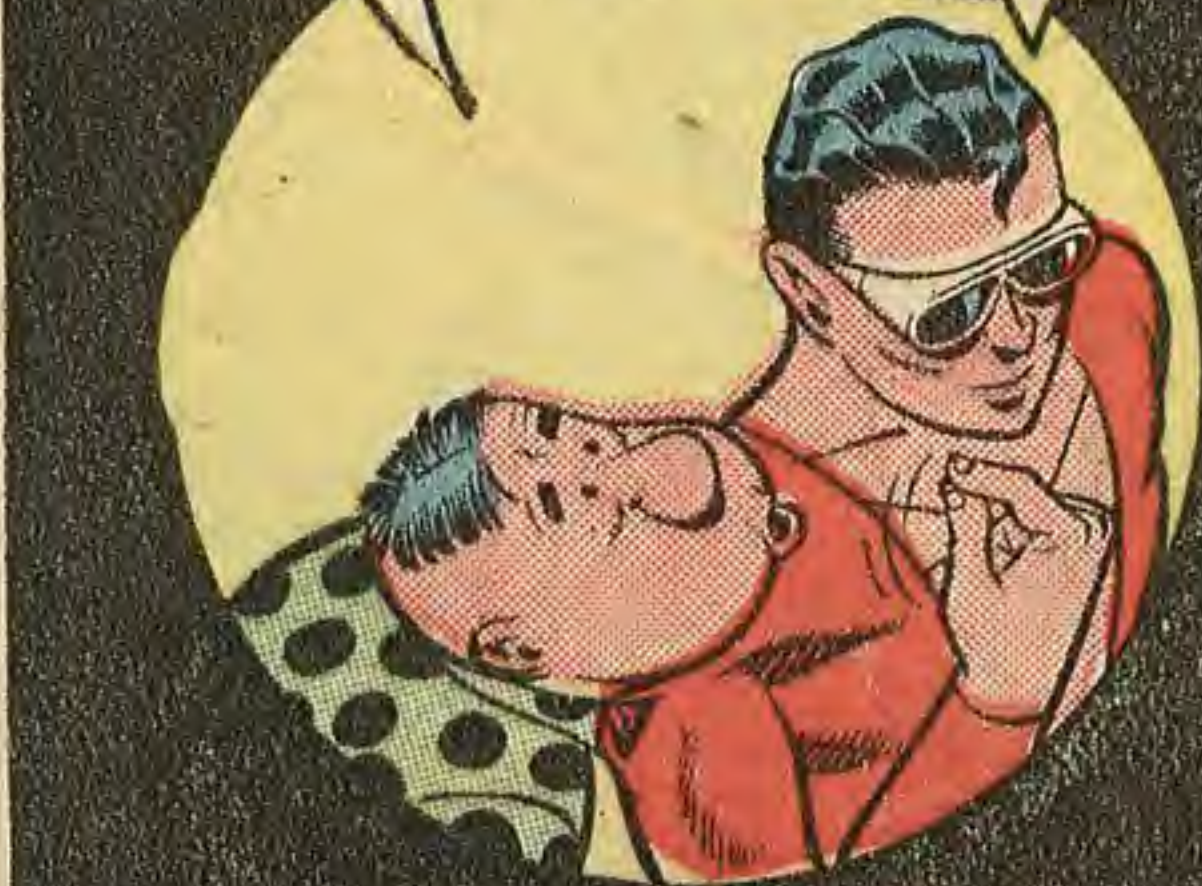






BUT THEY DIDN'T!  
PLAS, ARE YOU  
SURE YOU  
DIDN'T KILL ---

THOSE THREE HAVE GOOD  
CONTROL OF THEIR  
NERVES! THEY DIDN'T  
DROP A HINT,  
UNLESS ---



UNLESS ..... WHAT?  
SAY, WHY THE RUSH,  
PLAS? WHO LIVES  
HERE?

KAYO  
RANDY!



THEN YOU THINK HE DID  
IT, HUH? I HAD HIM  
TAGGED FOR THE  
KILLER FROM THE  
START!

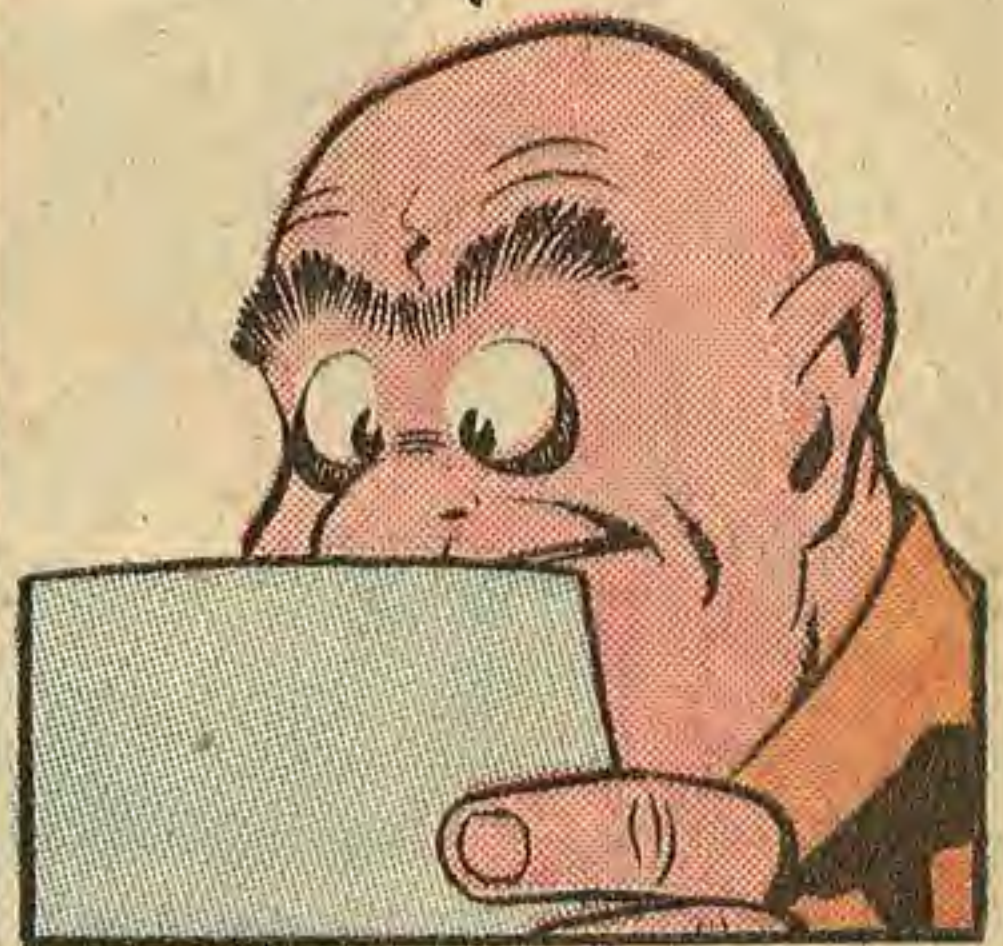
STAY  
OUT HERE,  
WOODY!



I CAN'T SLEEP  
UNTIL I FIGURE  
IT OUT!



HERE IT IS ... THE PROGRAM  
FOR THAT VAUDEVILLE SHOW!  
I KNEW I WAS  
RIGHT!



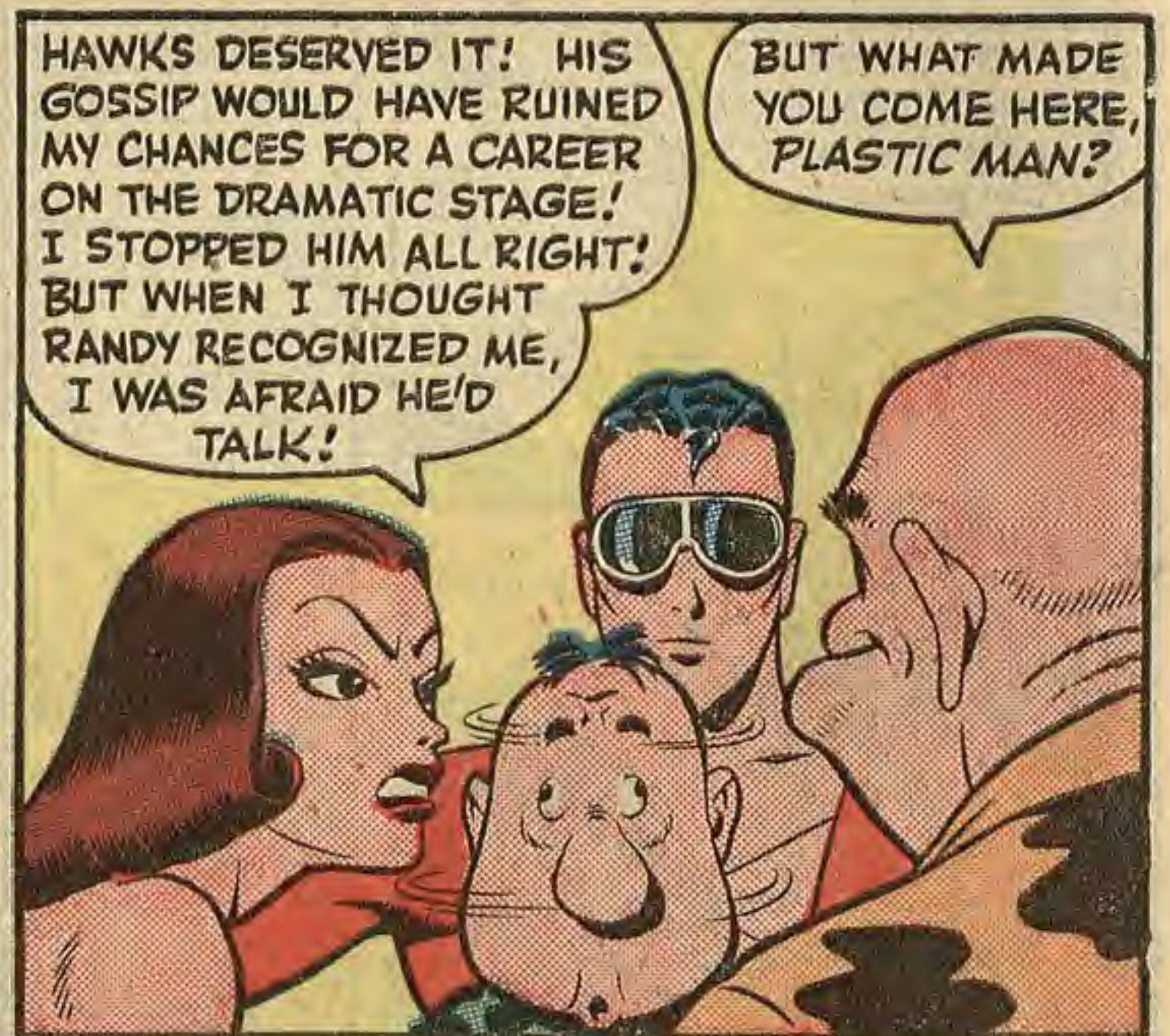
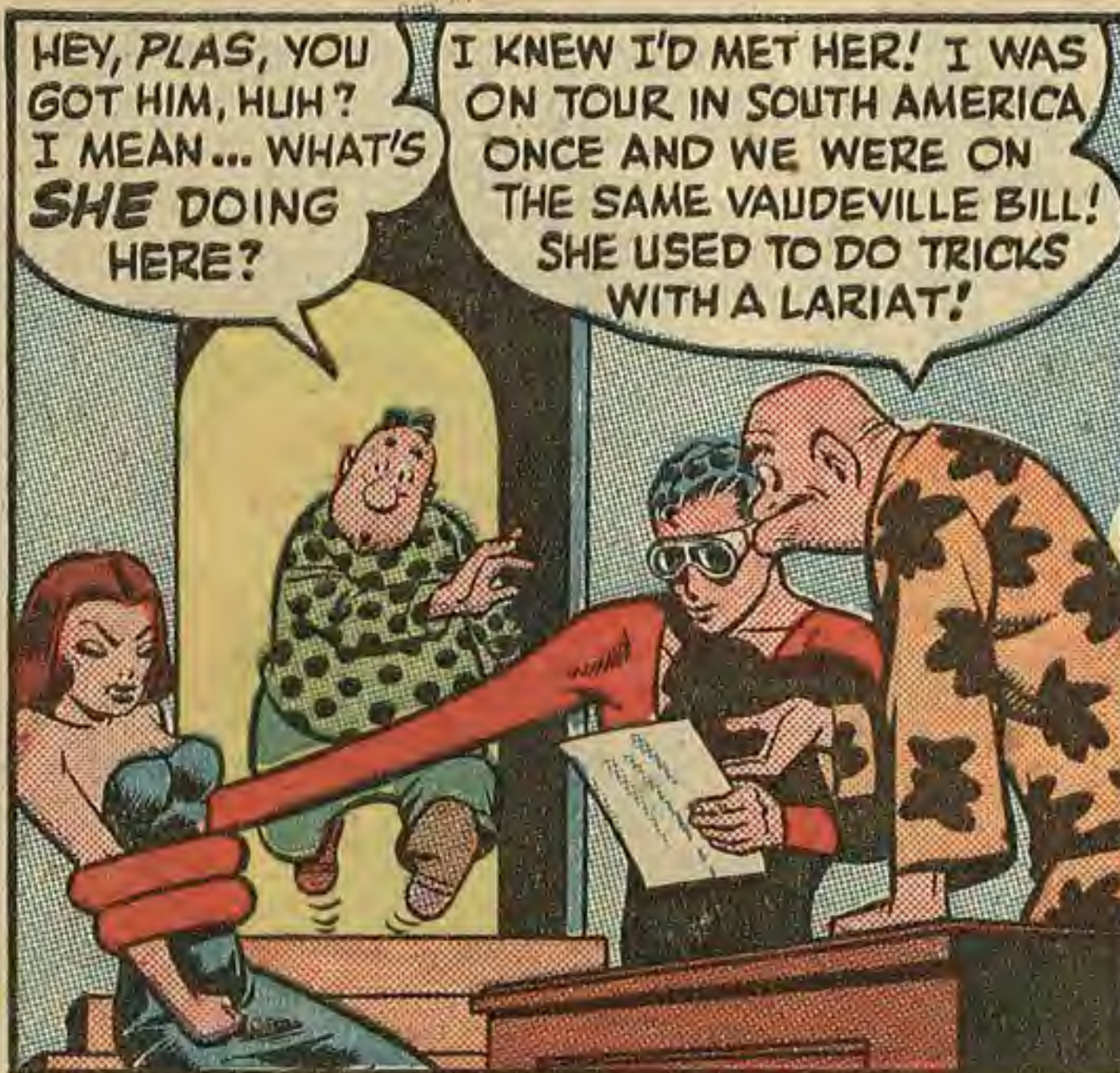
AGH-H-H-H!



EASY,  
KAYO!

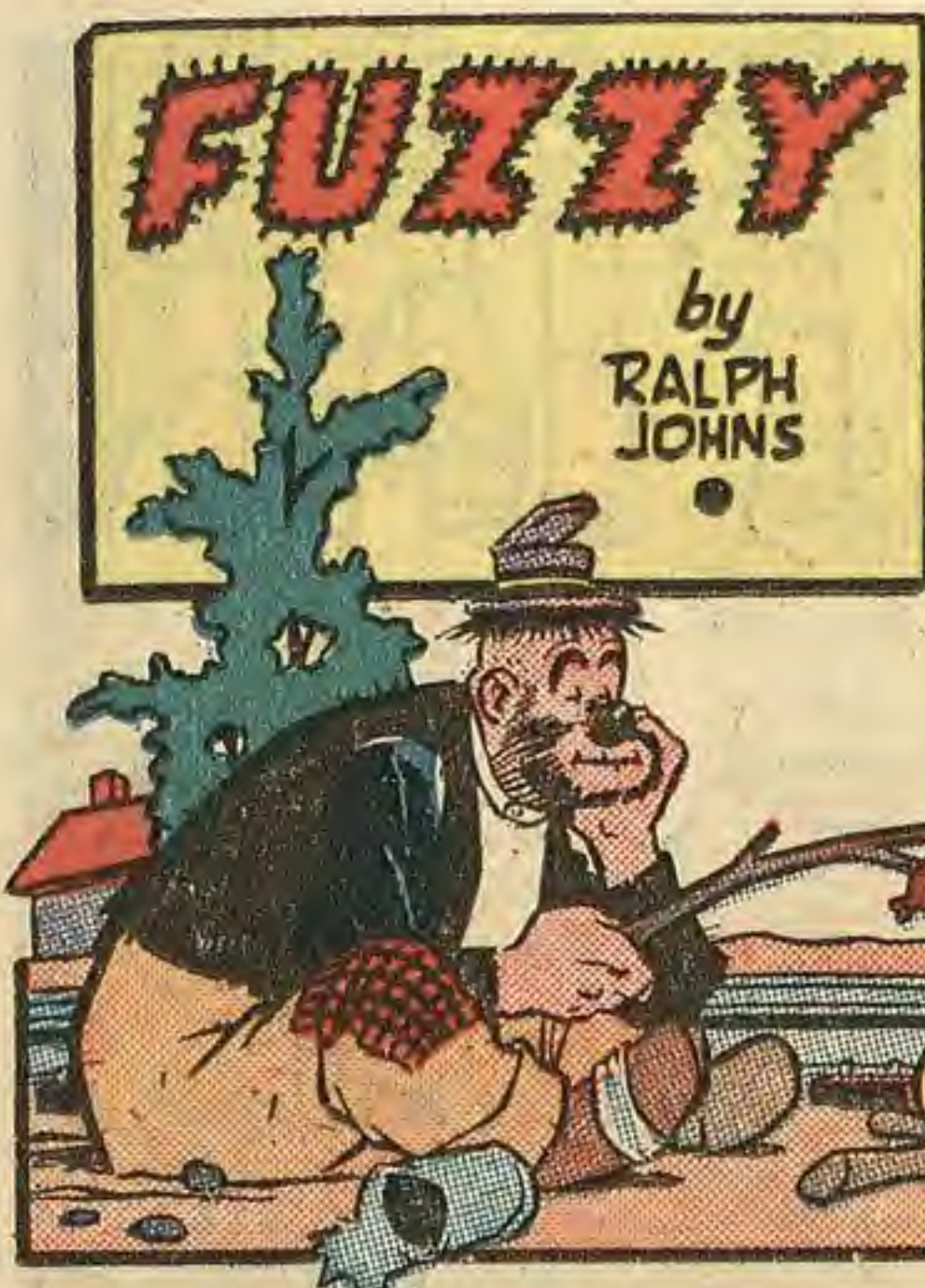








# PLASTIC MAN



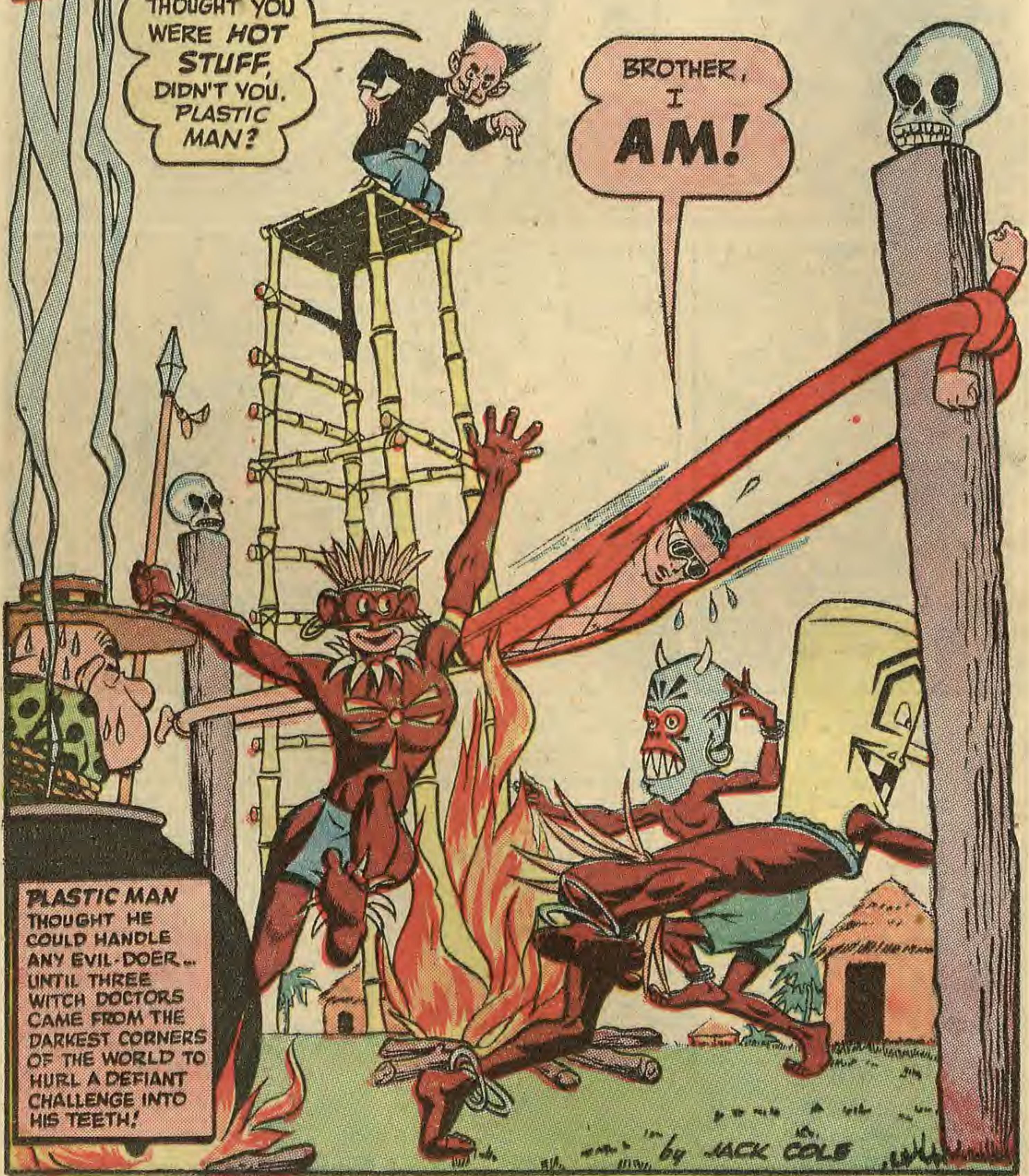


# PLASTIC MAN

THOUGHT YOU  
WERE **HOT**  
**STUFF**,  
DIDN'T YOU,  
PLASTIC  
MAN?

BROTHER,  
I  
**AM!**

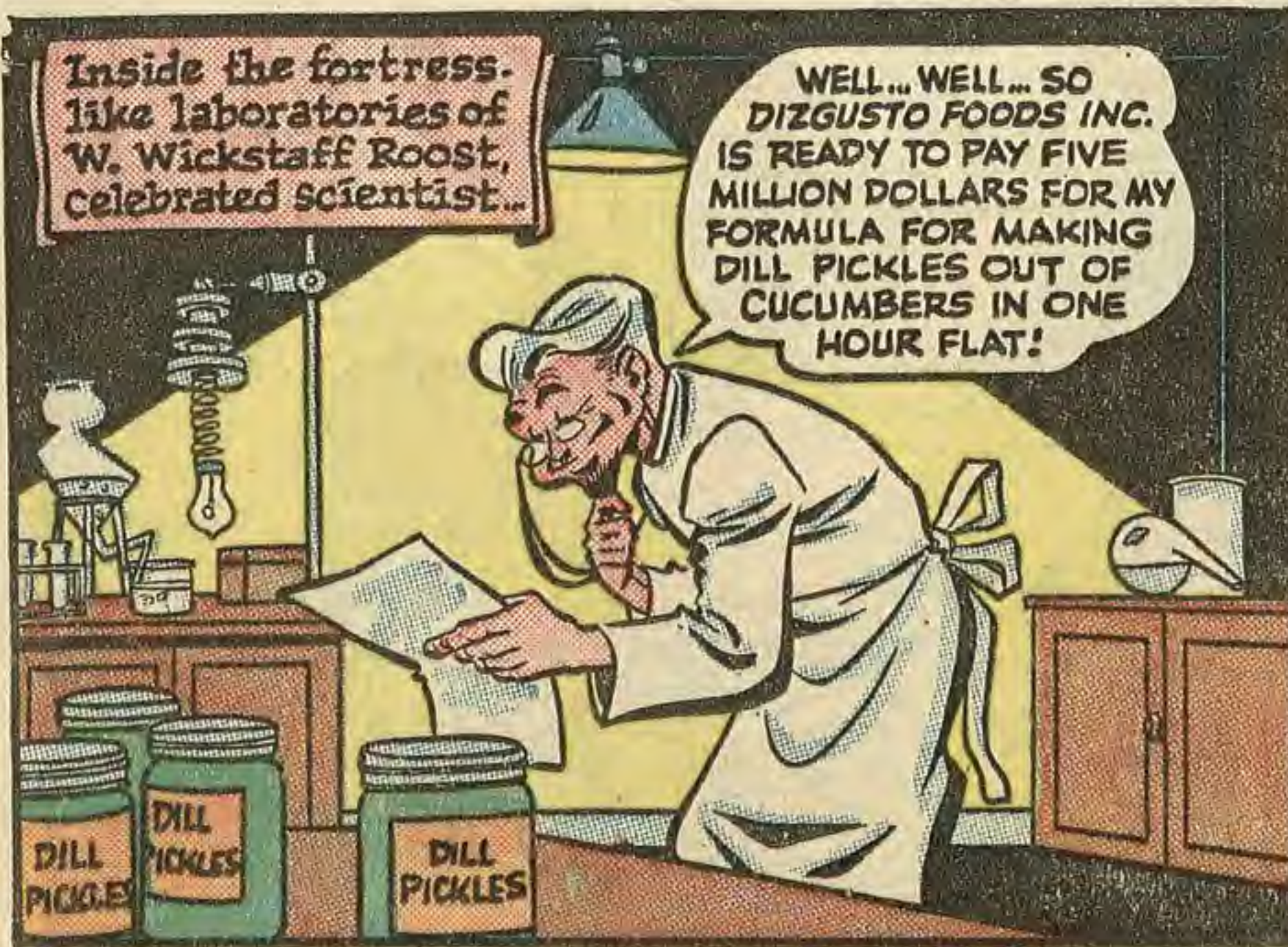
**PLASTIC MAN**  
THOUGHT HE  
COULD HANDLE  
ANY EVIL-DOER...  
UNTIL THREE  
WITCH DOCTORS  
CAME FROM THE  
DARKEST CORNERS  
OF THE WORLD TO  
HURL A DEFIANT  
CHALLENGE INTO  
HIS TEETH!



by JACK COLE

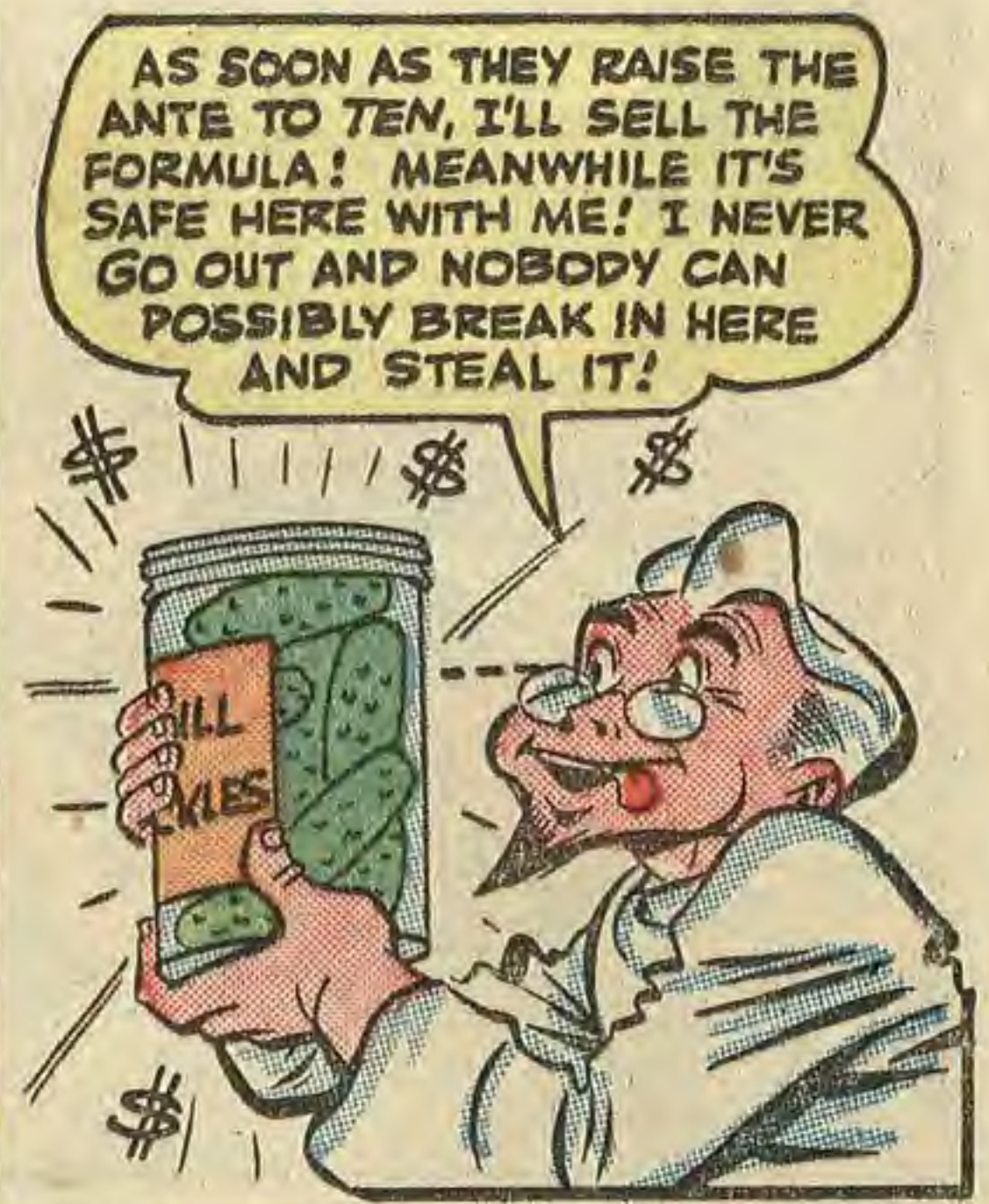


# PLASTIC MAN



Inside the fortress-like laboratories of W. Wickstaff Roost, celebrated scientist...

WELL... WELL... SO DIZGUSTO FOODS INC. IS READY TO PAY FIVE MILLION DOLLARS FOR MY FORMULA FOR MAKING DILL PICKLES OUT OF CUCUMBERS IN ONE HOUR FLAT!



AS SOON AS THEY RAISE THE ANTE TO TEN, I'LL SELL THE FORMULA! MEANWHILE IT'S SAFE HERE WITH ME! I NEVER GO OUT AND NOBODY CAN POSSIBLY BREAK IN HERE AND STEAL IT!



Maybe not, but some people will try anything! ...and outside...

THIS IS THE HARDEST ROCK I EVER SAW!

WHAT A JOB!



WE'VE BEEN AT THIS WALL FOR SIX HOURS NOW, B.T., AND IT LOOKS LIKE IT'LL BE THREE DAYS MORE BEFORE WE BREAK THROUGH!

WHAT OF IT?



BUT B.T., PLASTIC MAN WAS ON OUR TRAIL BEFORE WE STARTED! WHAT IF HE LOCATES US?

WHO'S AFRAID OF PLASTIC MAN?



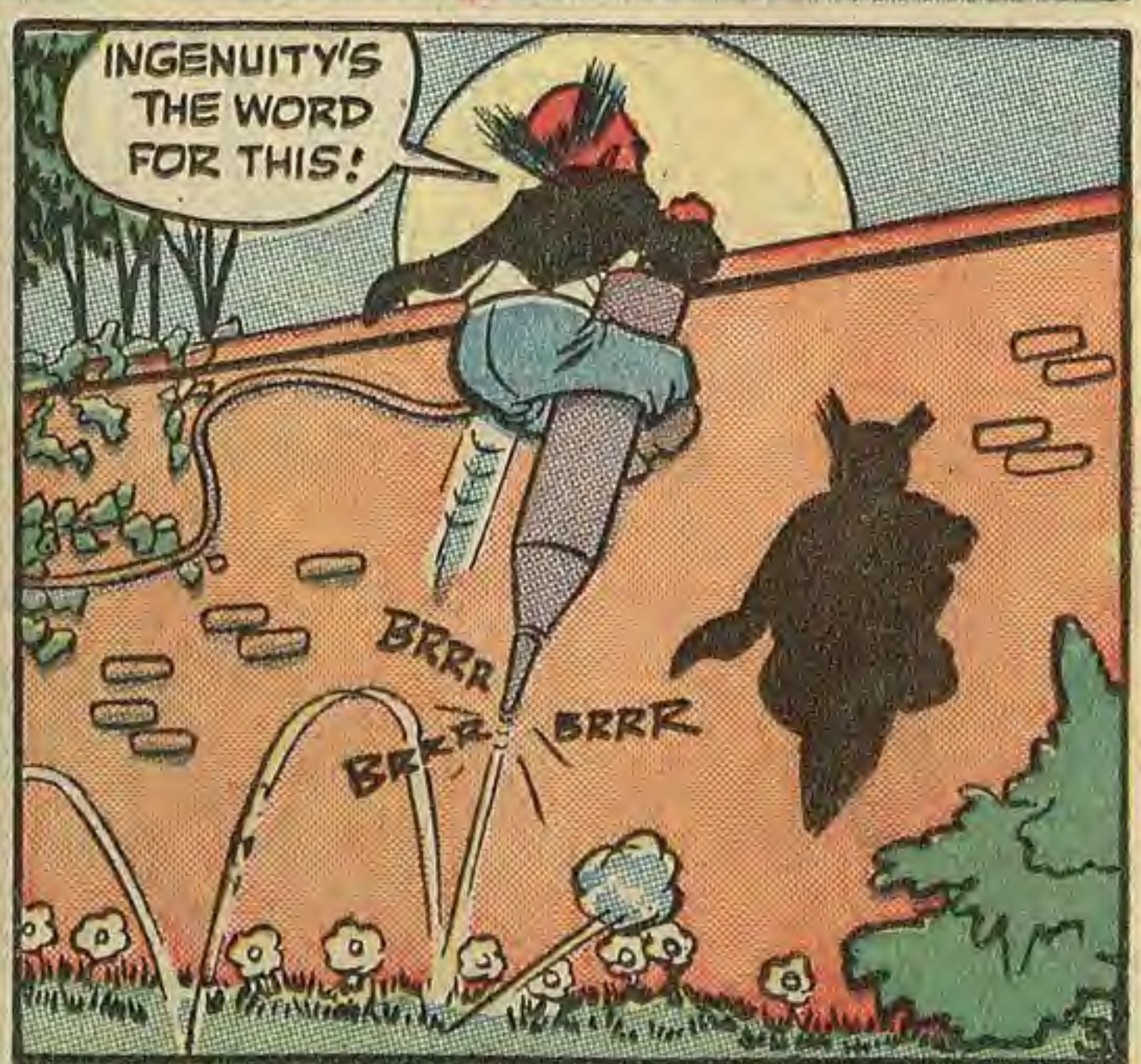
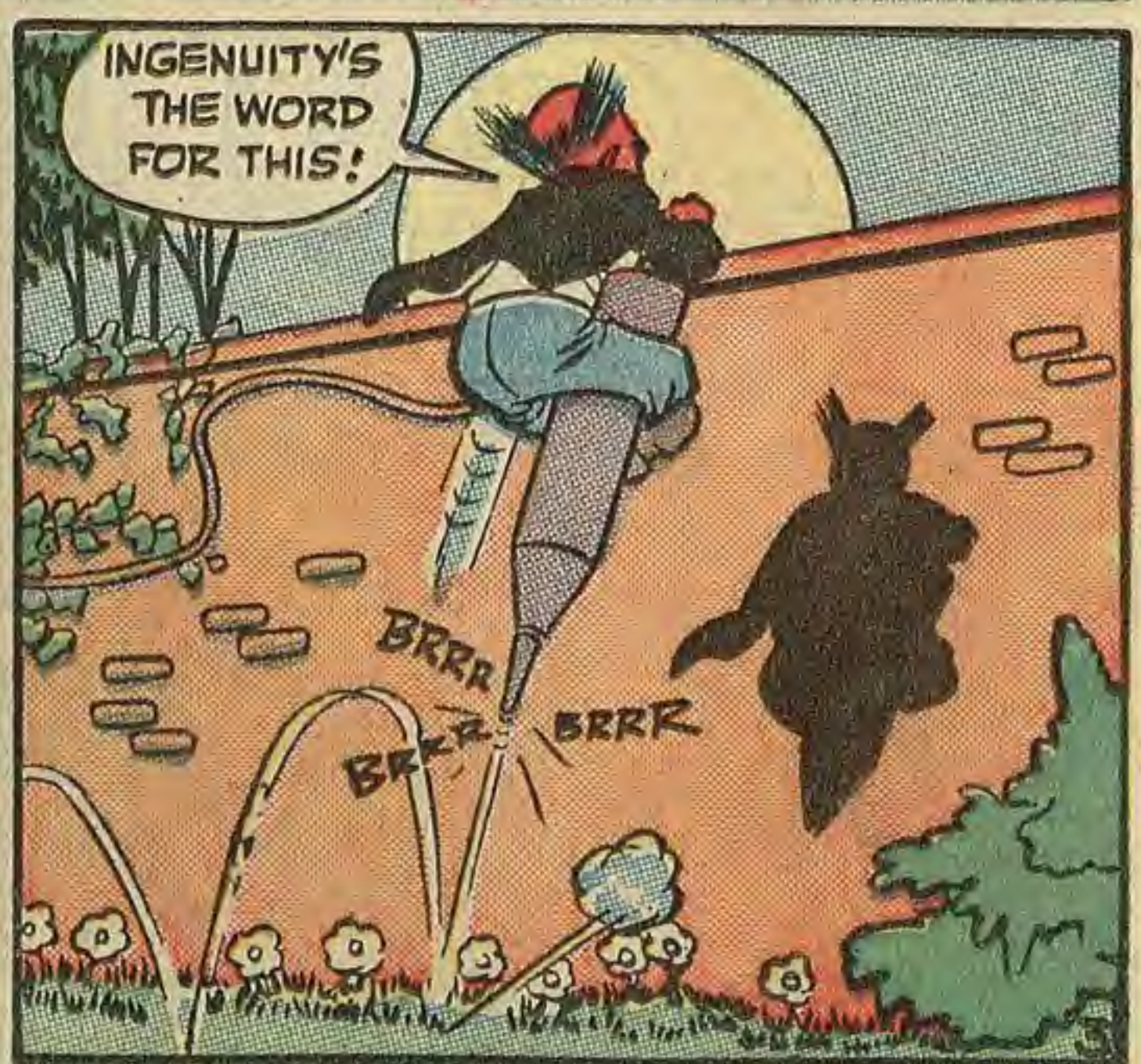
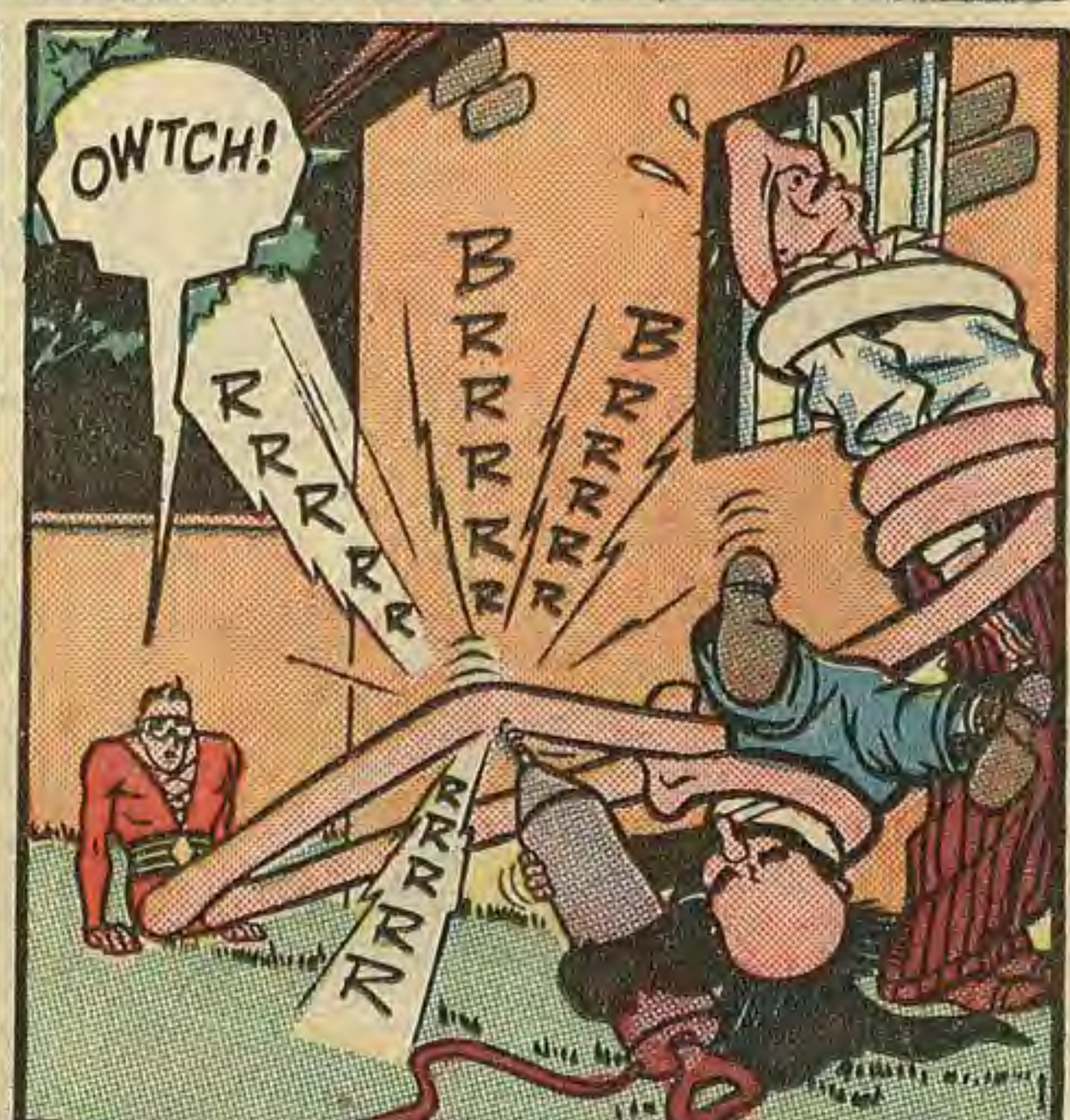
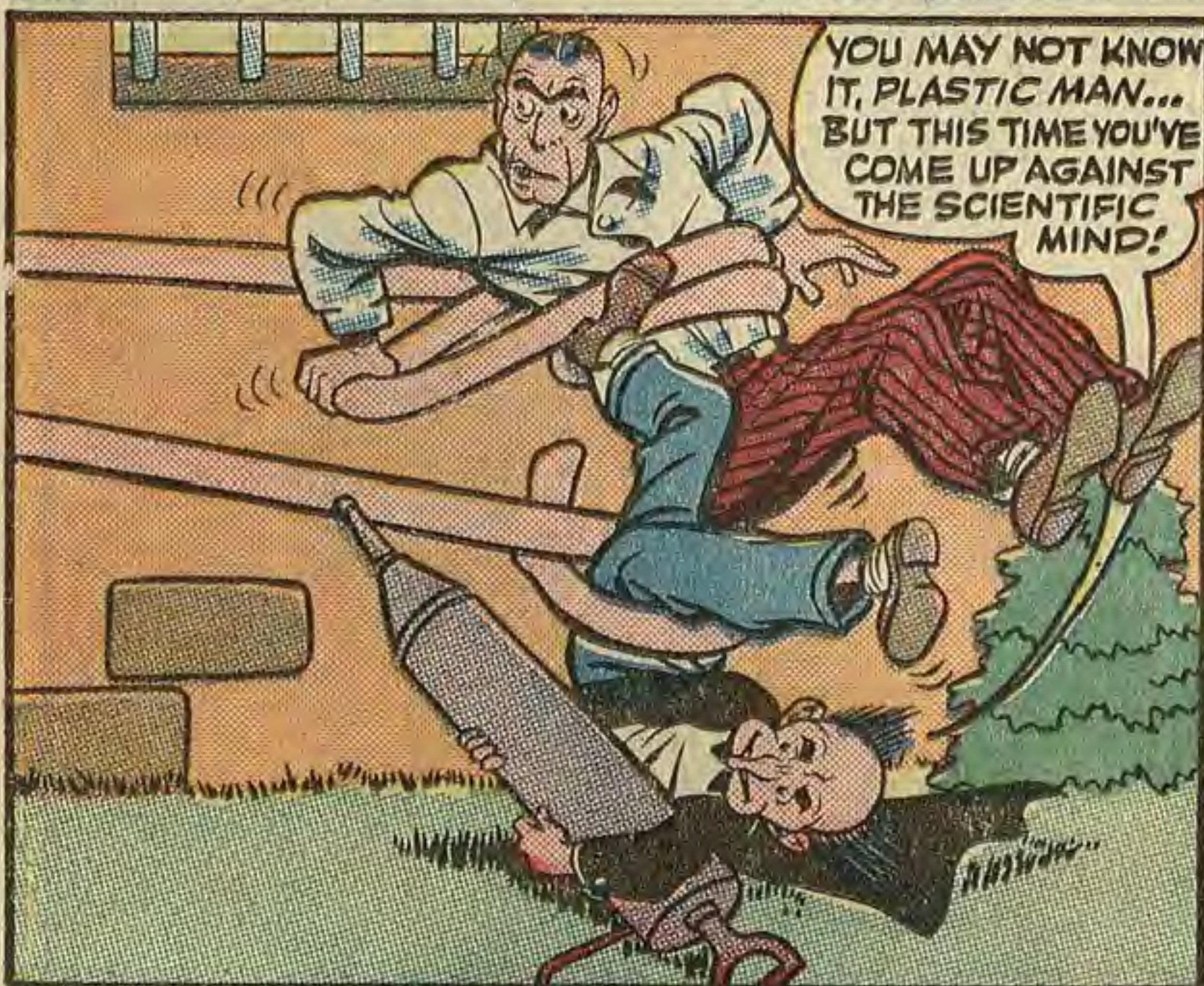
ALL THESE BOYS ARE!



SEE WHAT I MEAN?



# PLASTIC MAN

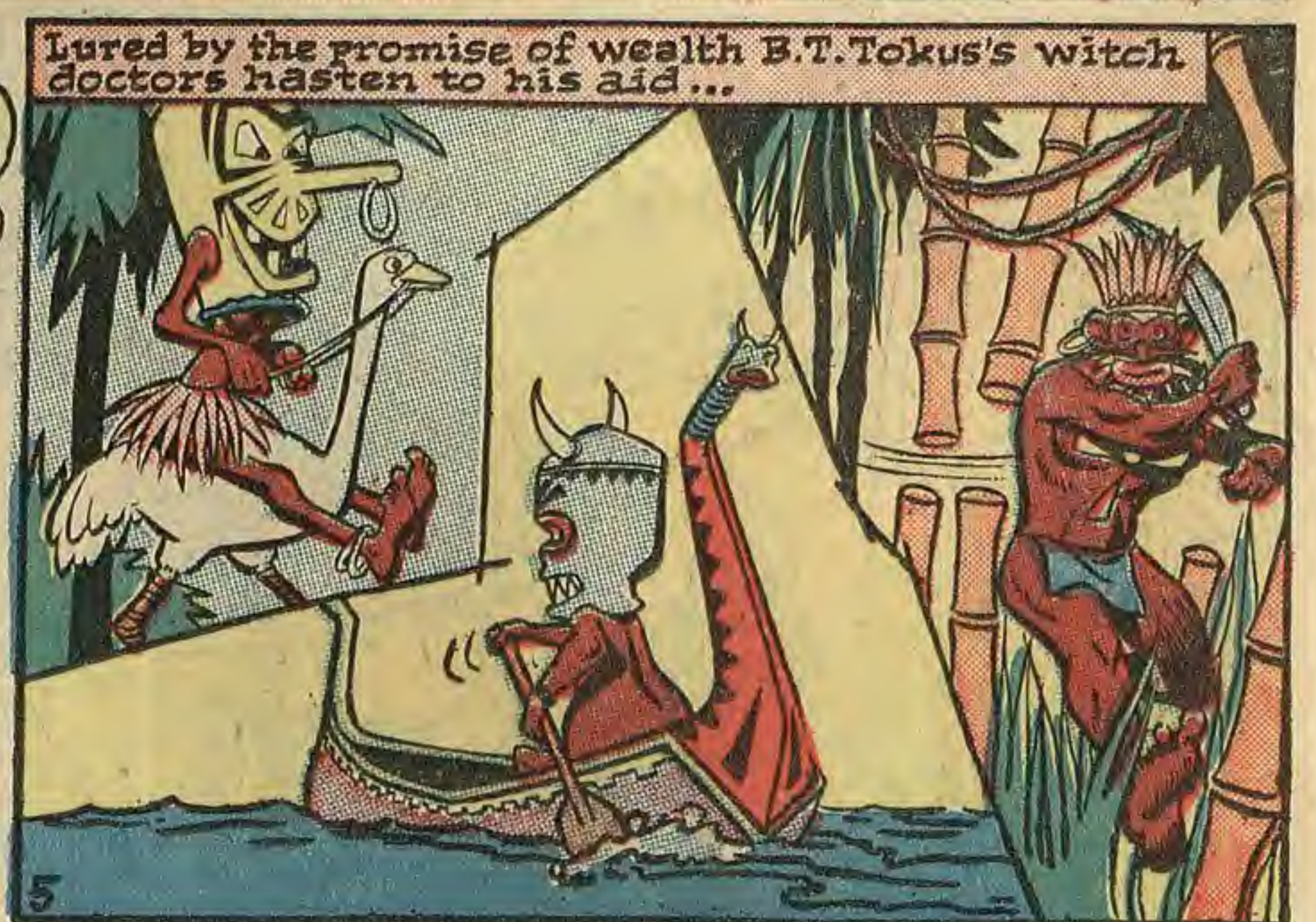
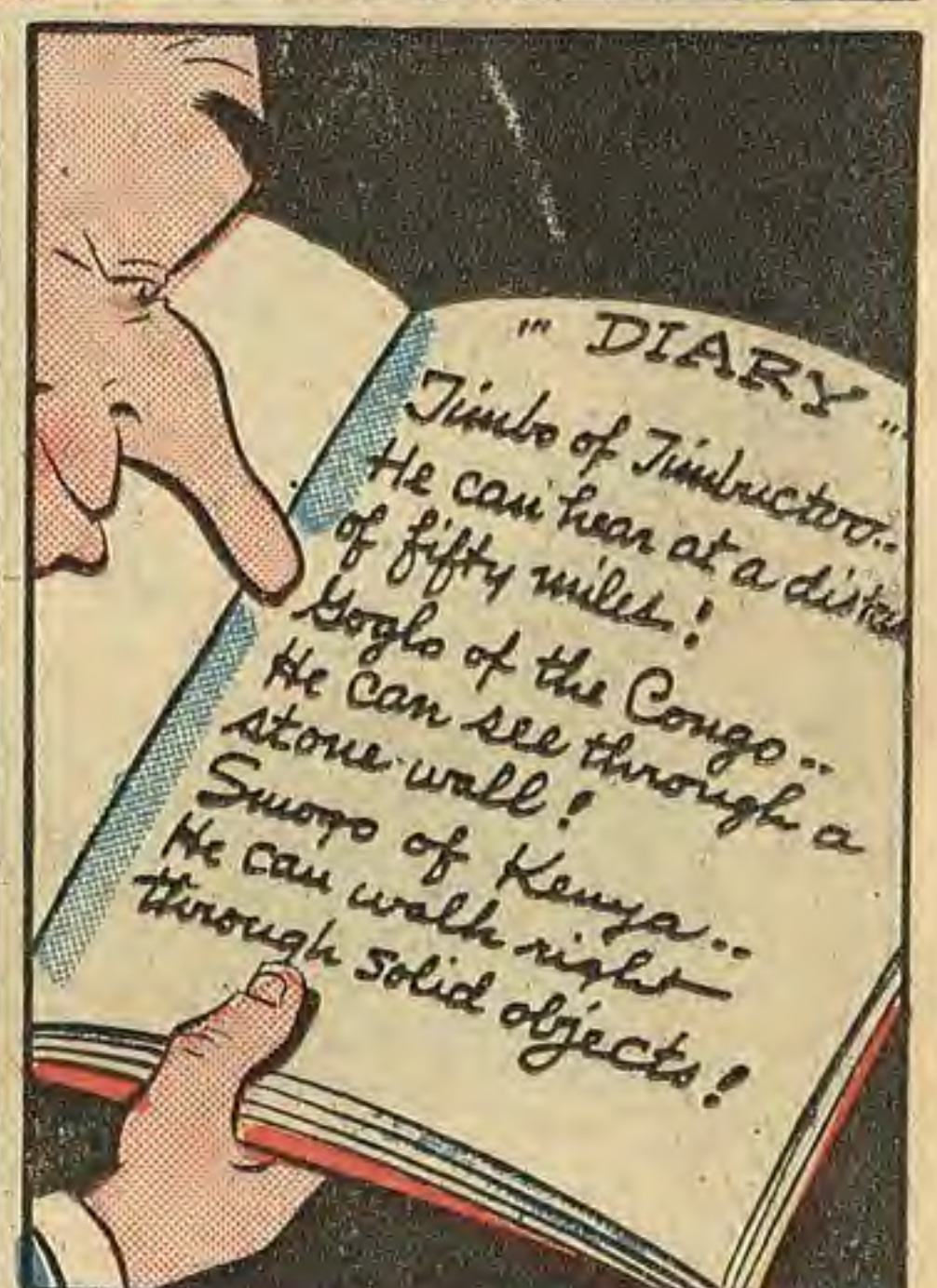
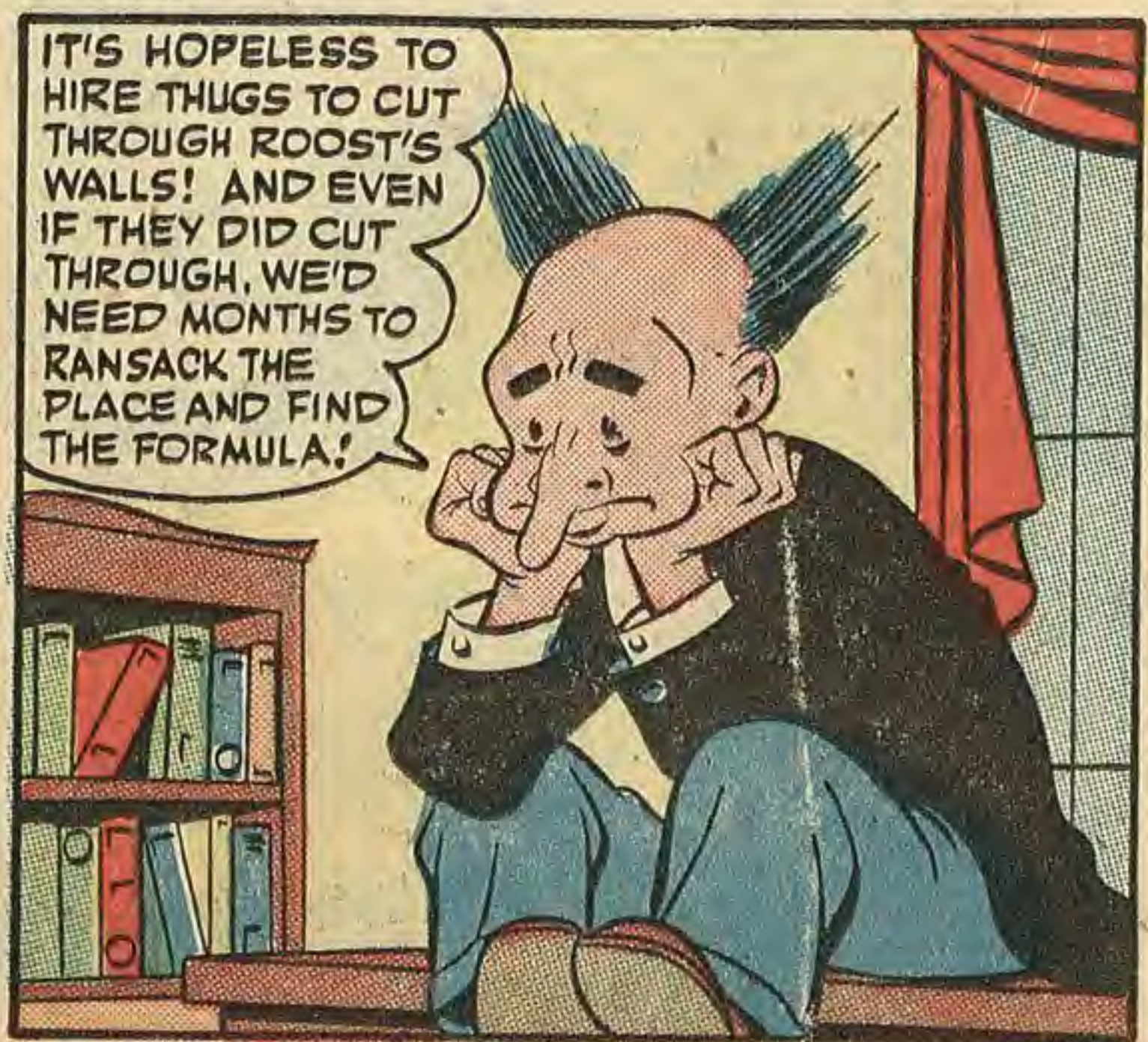
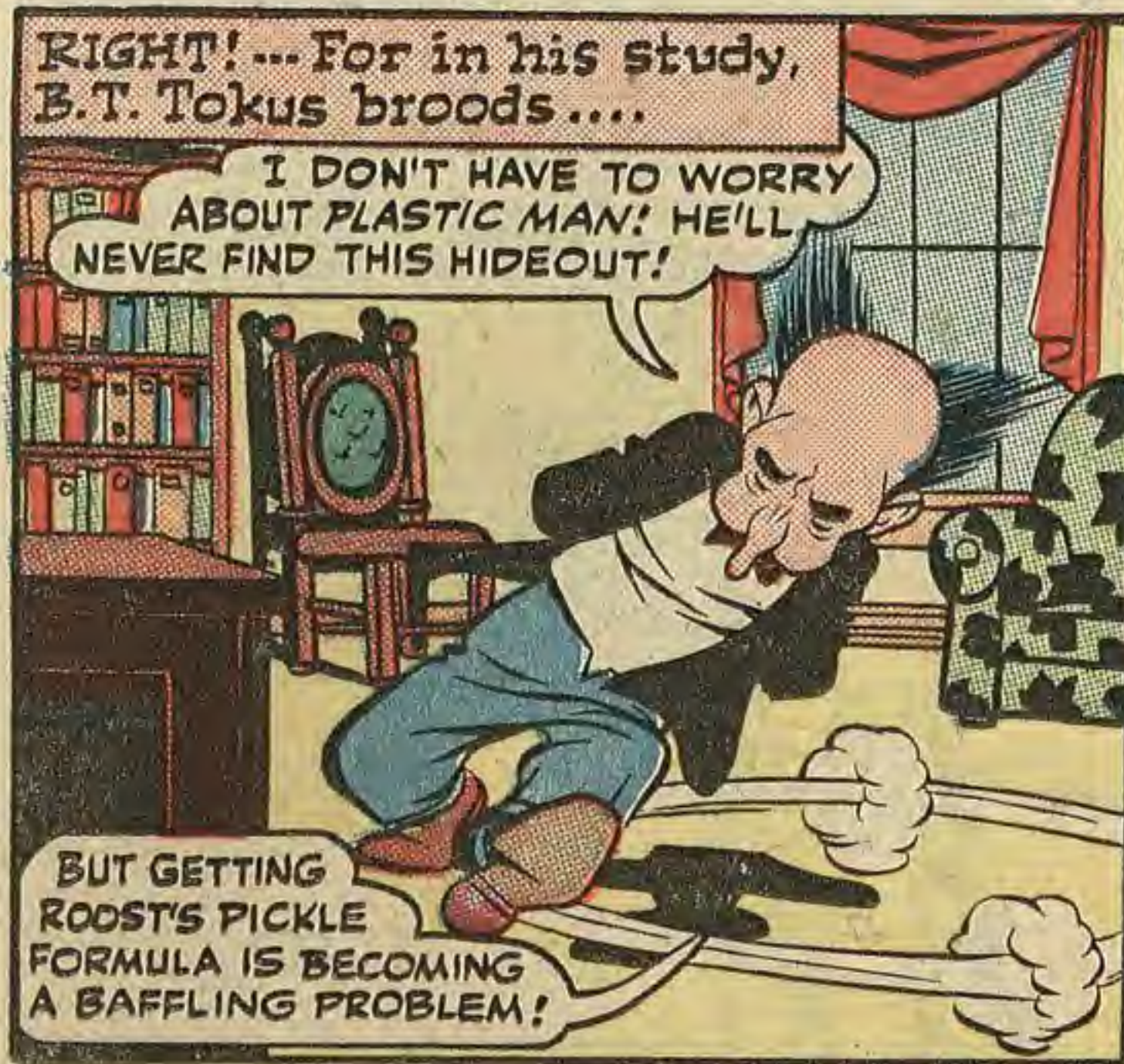




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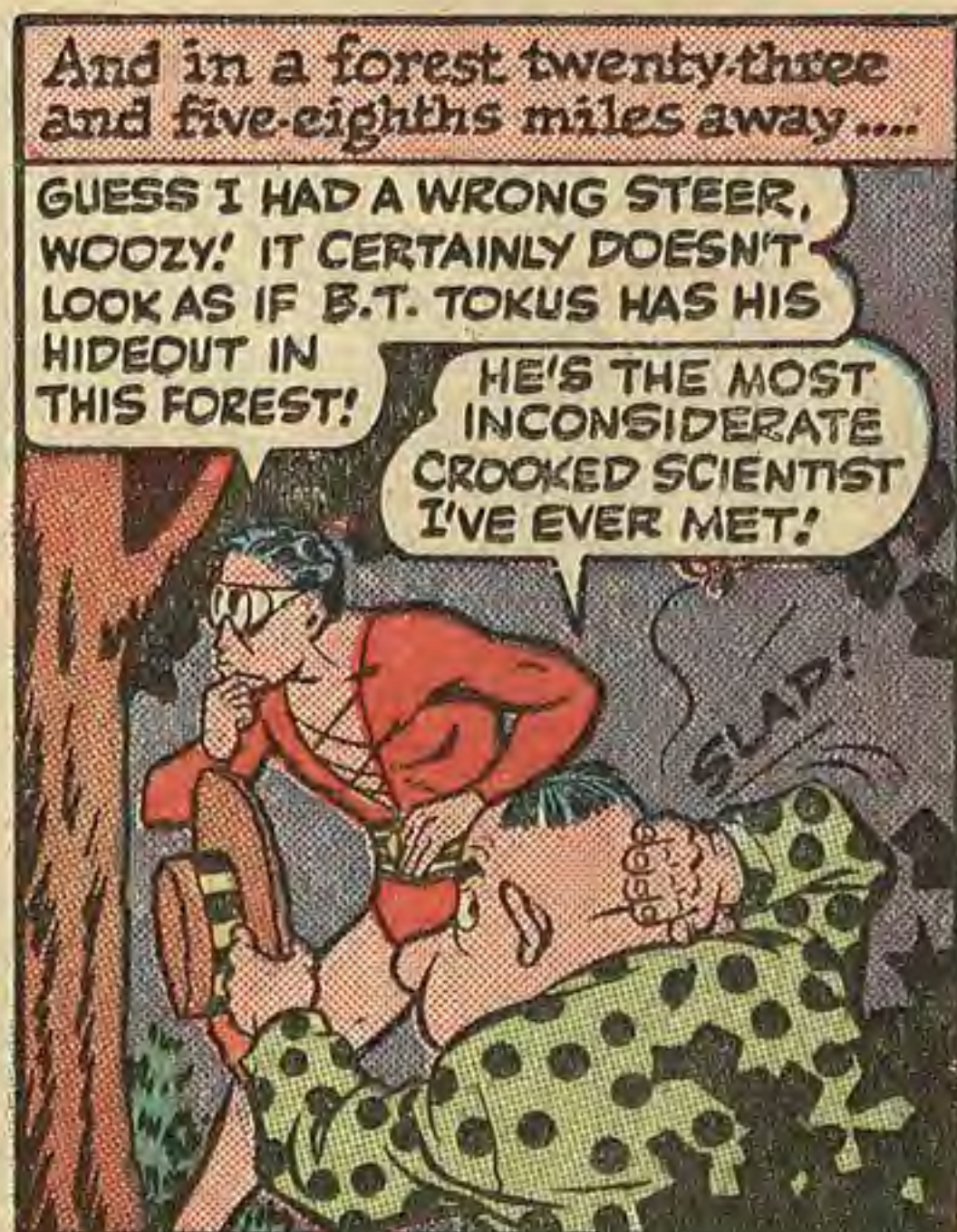






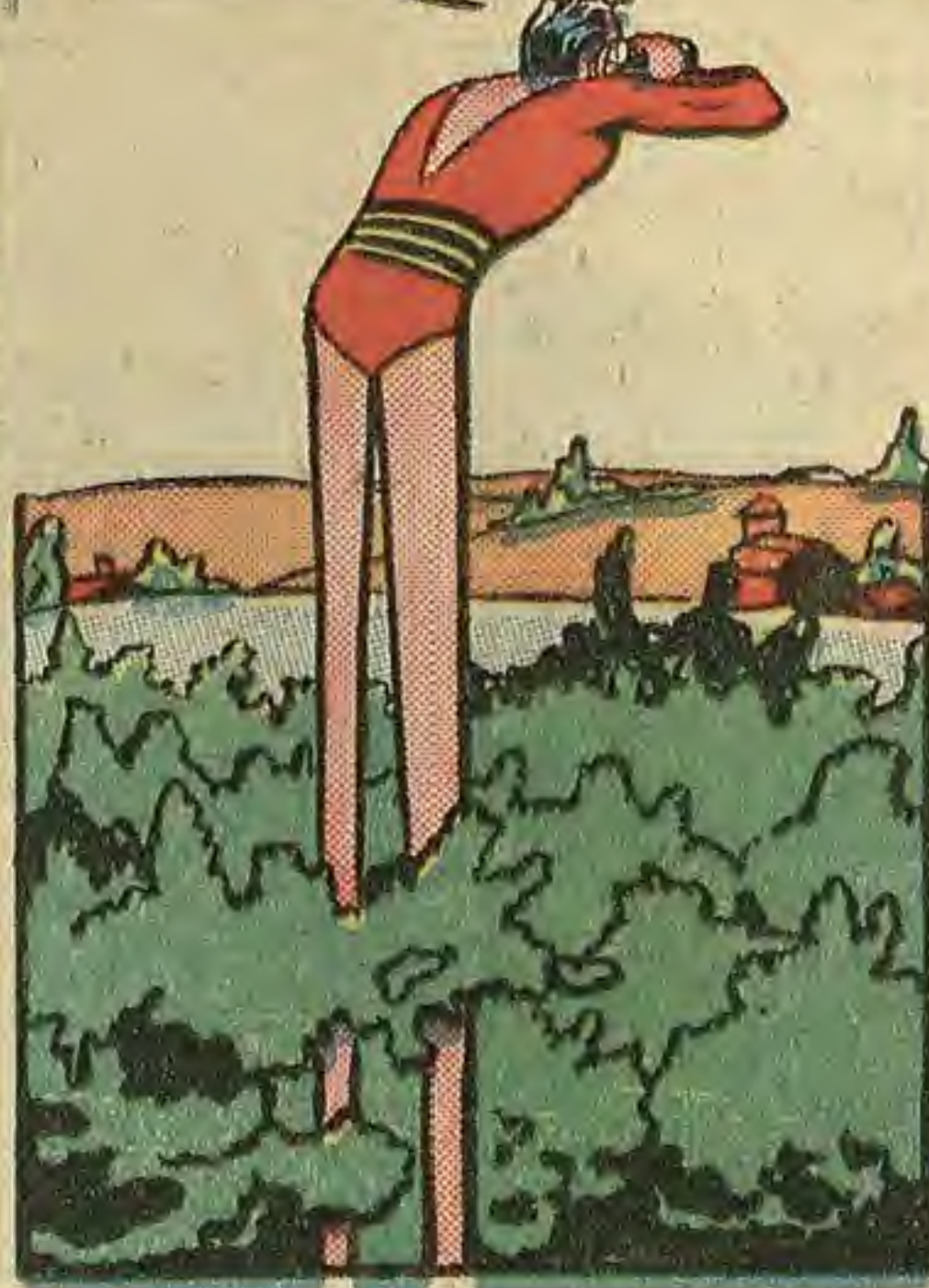
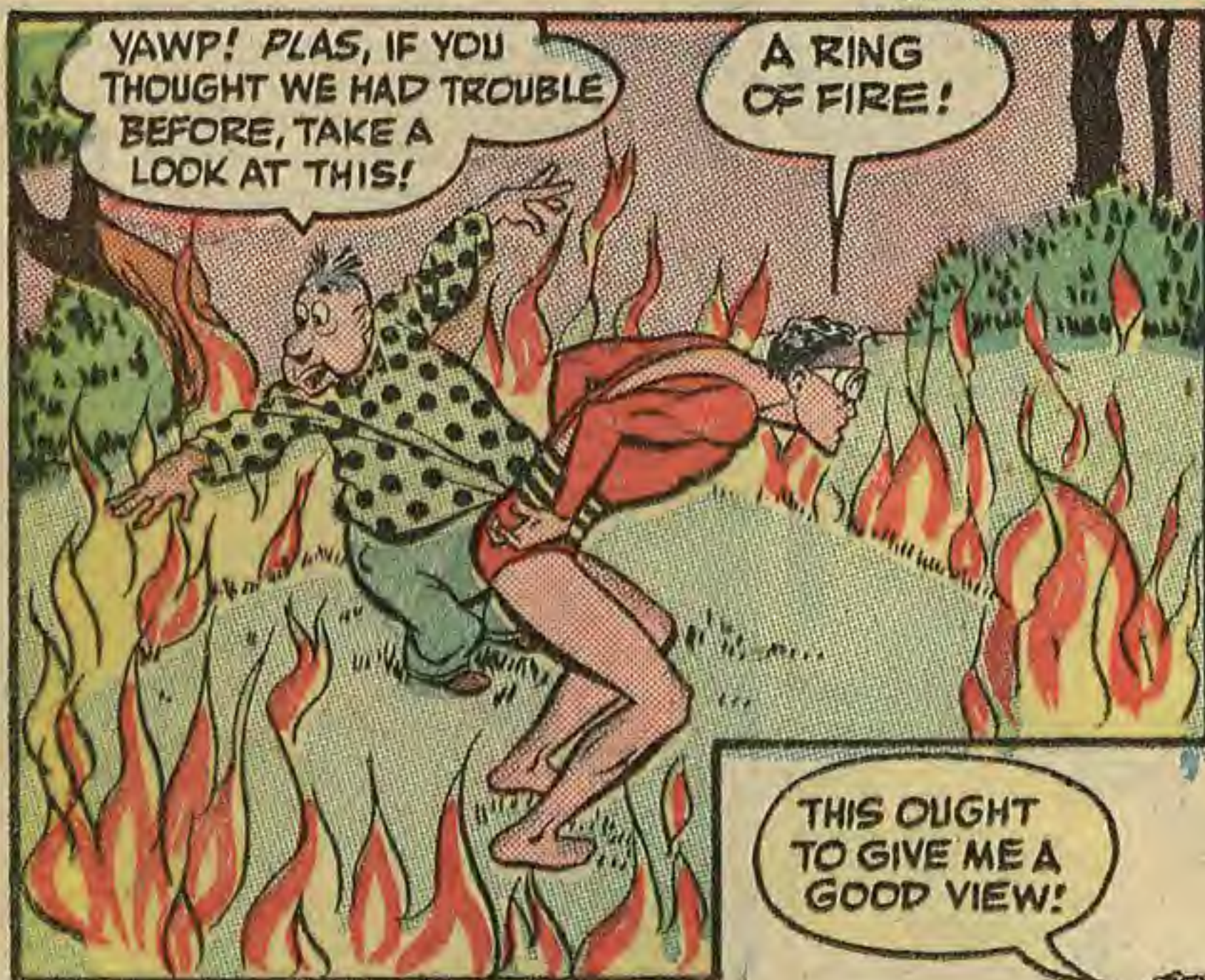


# PLASTIC MAN





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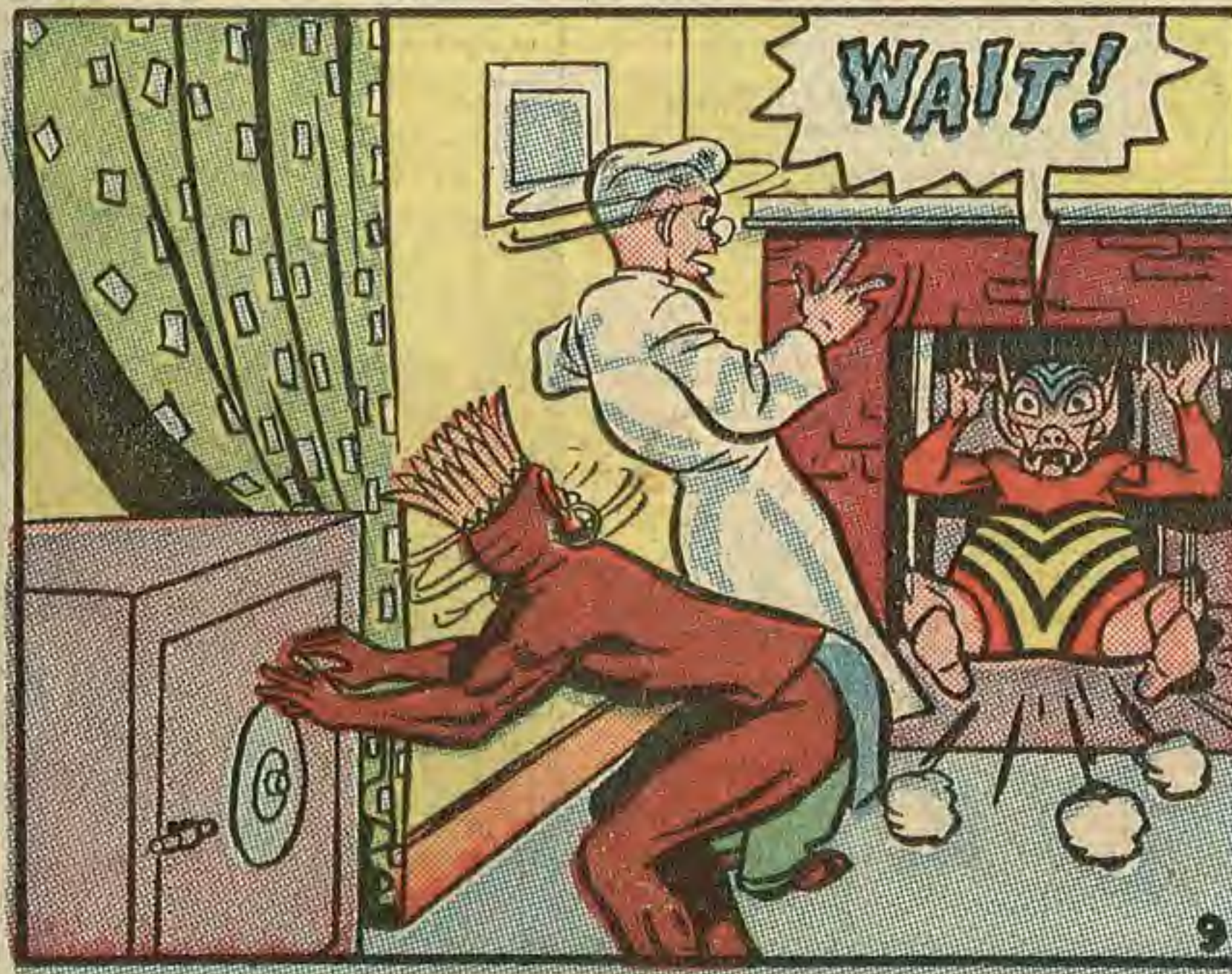




# PLASTIC MAN









# PLASTIC MAN









STARRING

# WOOZY WINKS



GIFF HIM SOME MORE MARSHMALLOWS, DEAR! THE SEAT'S A TRIFLE HARD!



THAT SUPER CRIME-BUSTER GOES INTO ACTION ON HIS BIG, FAT OWN!





# PLASTIC MAN





# PLASTIC MAN





# PLASTIC MAN



SOON A NASTY CRIME WAVE BREAKS LOOSE!... POLICE SUSPECT ONE **SMELLY PITTS**, BUT WE KNOW, DON'T WE? IT'S THAT **TRAINED EAGLE** WHO'S DOING ALL THE SWIPING!





# PLASTIC MAN



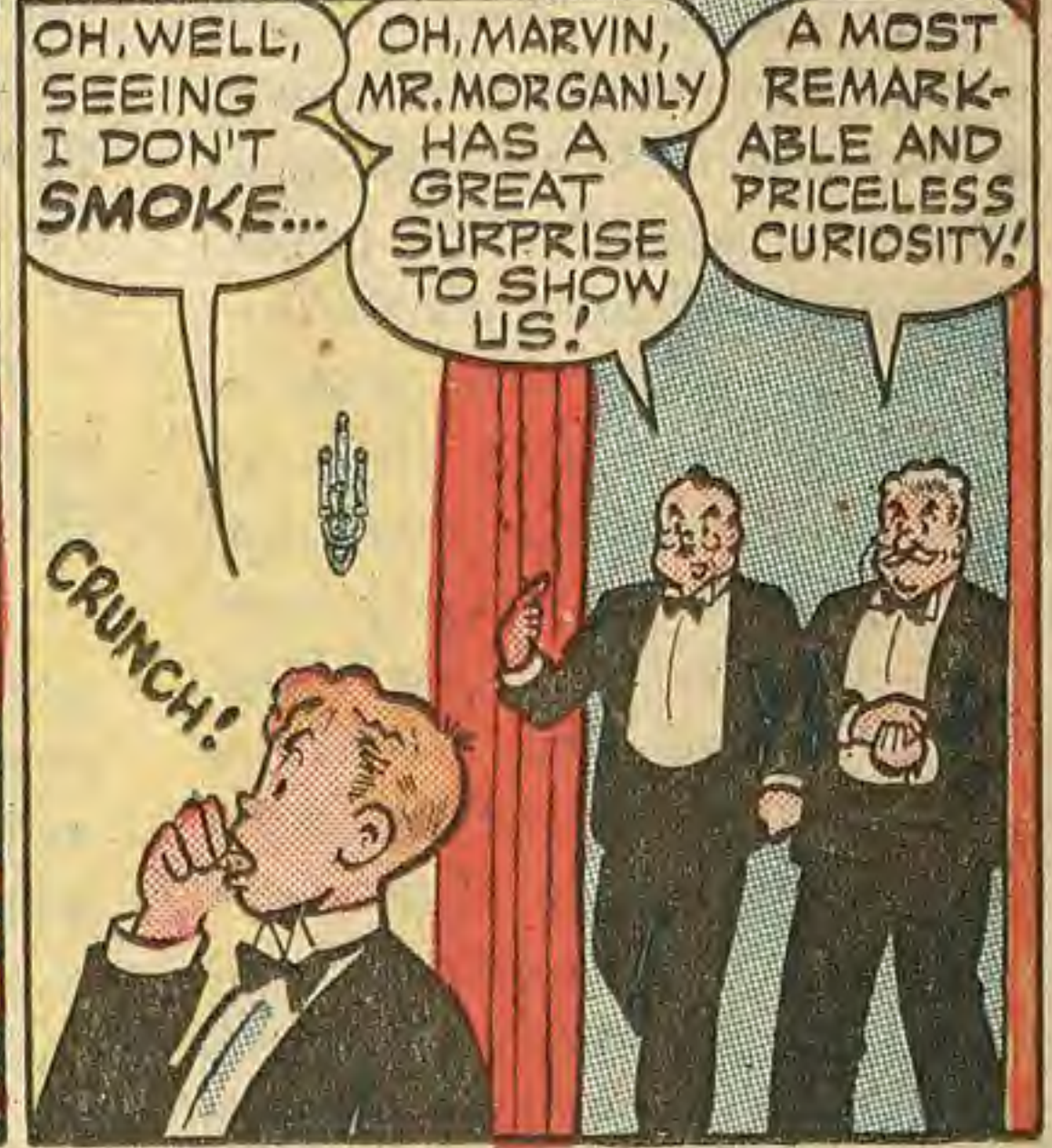


# PLASTIC MAN





# JONES





# THE HAND BEHIND

**I**T is doubtful if the reputation of Plastic Man would be so great if his enemies did not help it by offering themselves as opponents. The very fact of his triumphs, and the incredible fashion of his winning them, excites one criminal after another to challenge him; with the inevitable result of another victory and more fame for Plastic Man.

Bordo, head of the wild Seventy-Second Street Gang, was eager to make such a trial of strength and wit. Before he became a gang leader, important and influential in the underworld, Bordo had been a stage magician. Well aware of the tricks and sleights that make possible the seeming wonders of theatrical conjuring, Bordo insisted that there was some trickery about Plastic Man—that the stories about how he stretched high as buildings or condensed himself into small chunks; of his twisting his face and body into the semblance of man or animal, living thing or dead; of how he could reach across streets, down chimneys and through keyholes to seize and overpower adversaries—all these stories, Bordo said again and again, were exaggerations or myths, and he would prove as much.

"I brought you here," he said across the desk in his headquarters to a mighty man with a cauliflower ear and a broken nose, "because I know you're the most accomplished murderer in town. Right?"

"Right," nodded the other. "I not only kill on order, but I seldom leave enough of the victim to make a funeral worth while. So there aren't important clues."

"Excellent!" cried Bordo. He was a tall, sinewy fellow with a sharp-pointed moustache and two hornlike curls of hair at his temples—ever since his magician days he had tried to make himself look as satanic as possible. "Your name—Zrogan, isn't it?—goes on a check for five thousand dollars as soon as you dispose of Plastic Man."

Zrogan seemed to pause, to hesitate. "Are you afraid of Plastic Man?" sneered Bordo.

"I was just thinking," growled Zrogan, "that maybe your check will be as stretchy and bouncy as Plastic Man himself."

Bordo rose to his feet. "I didn't call you here to listen to insults," he said. "I hire you as a death specialist, but I'm something of a killer myself. Look!" He lifted an empty hand. Quick as light, a dagger appeared in it, a masterpiece of sleight-of-hand. "If you think to trifle with someone like me—"

"Good trick, Bordo," nodded the big fellow. "But can you do this?"

Zrogan's huge knuckly hands swept across his face. Zrogan shrugged out of his jacket, twitched off his hat—and Zrogan wasn't Zrogan at all, but

Plastic Man, grinning and mocking, red-clad arms folded across his chest and eyes darting mockery through his goggles.

"They tell me you don't believe in my abilities, Bordo," said Plastic Man. "Well, seeing is believing. Take a look."

Bordo screamed a curse, and threw the knife. Plastic Man sinuously writhed his shoulder out of the way, and the knife smote into the wall. A moment later, Bordo whirled and dashed out a back door, tipping over a pudgy, sleepy-faced little fellow in his way, and fled up the street.

"You let him get away, Plas'," moaned Woozy Winks, picking himself up. "I thought you'd trap him sure—"

"I let him run on purpose," interrupted Plastic Man, emerging in turn. "The rumor is that this headquarters is only a false one. Bordo is reputed to have a hidden hideout that is really an outsize trick cabinet, built with all his stage-magician skill. Let's follow him there."

Bordo was surprisingly easy to follow. Around the first corner the two of them found a leather sheath that could have held nothing else than the dagger Plastic Man had dodged. Further along, at the mouth of an alley, lay a deck of cards, their backs marked for dishonest playing in a way that only Bordo could have devised. Up the alley itself, they came to a door.



## PLASTIC MAN

"He didn't come here, Plas'," said Woozy, trying the knob. "This door's locked."

"From the inside," added Plastic Man. "And there's a crack underneath it fully a quarter of an inch high. Leave it to me."

Dropping prone, Plastic Man flattened himself like a great rug. Carefully he edged underneath, rose in his own form inside, and unlocked the door for Woozy.

They found themselves in a dim hallway, set with two doors some distance apart. Plastic Man stretched his neck like a snake, putting his ears to one door, then to the other.

"All quiet," he whispered to Woozy. "You go in one door; I'll go in the other."

Obediently Woozy trotted to the nearest door, opened it and entered. He saw an impressive array of weapons on the walls and tables—pistols, sub-machine guns, shotguns. He saw, too, Bordo, pointing a huge revolver.

"I laid a trail for you to follow," mocked Bordo. "Now I've got you! Sit in this chair."

Woozy glumly obeyed. Into sight sprang iron clamps, catching him by wrist and ankle.

"Now we'll wait for your rubbery friend," said Bordo.

Plastic Man had moved cautiously to the other door, waiting to listen before opening it. Stepping across the threshold, he heard the door swing shut behind him and an automatic lock slip into place. A stride forward brought him against a pane of glass, beyond which grinned Bordo.

"You're just where I want

you!" jeered the magician-crook. "In an almost airtight cell, into which I'm about to release a gas that will destroy your strange substance. I've developed it for this very purpose—it rots rubber and destroys elastic."

Plastic Man backed toward the door.

"Don't try to get out, Plastic Man," warned Bordo, his voice muffled but understandable through the glass. "If you don't stand still, I'll make short work of your helpless friend," and he gestured toward Woozy.

Plastic Man relaxed, leaning on the door, his right hand behind him.

"You don't think we were foolish enough to come here alone," he suggested.

"That's just what I think," said Bordo. "You underestimated me. It will be fatal." He put his hand toward a lever on the wall. "When I turn this, the gas will enter the part of the room where you are—"

"Careful, Bordo," interrupted Plastic Man. "Somebody's coming into the room behind you."

"An old trick!" cried Bordo, hand on the lever ready to shift it. "You think I'll take my eyes off of you, and that you'll jump at me, try to break the glass. No chance of that, Plastic Man. I'll count three, and let in the vapor that will corrode you. "One—"

"He's almost upon you," warned Plastic Man.

"Two—" counted Bordo.

"He's picking up one of your loaded guns," Plastic Man went on.

"Three!" counted Bordo. And then his face went pale, and he took his hand from the lever.

Between his shoulder blades he felt the hard pressure of something that could be only a gun-muzzle.

"You're trapped," said Plastic Man. "And your effort to destroy us gives us a charge of attempted murder that will send you up for years. Set Woozy free."

Obediently, prodded along by the gun, Bordo obeyed.

"Call the police, Woozy," directed Plastic Man. "Then tie Bordo and lead him outside. I'll meet you in the alley."

In his cell, Bordo clutched the bars and glared through at Plastic Man.

"I'm finished," he said. "I'll never get out of here until I'm old and harmless. But who was it who followed you and stopped me just in time to save you?"

"The hand behind," smiled Plastic Man.

"I don't understand," stammered Bordo.

"Because you never believed in my talent to stretch myself. I put one hand behind me as I leaned on the door—made my arm thin as a pencil—through the keyhole, along the hall outside, through the keyhole of the other door, and in to pick up a gun behind you."

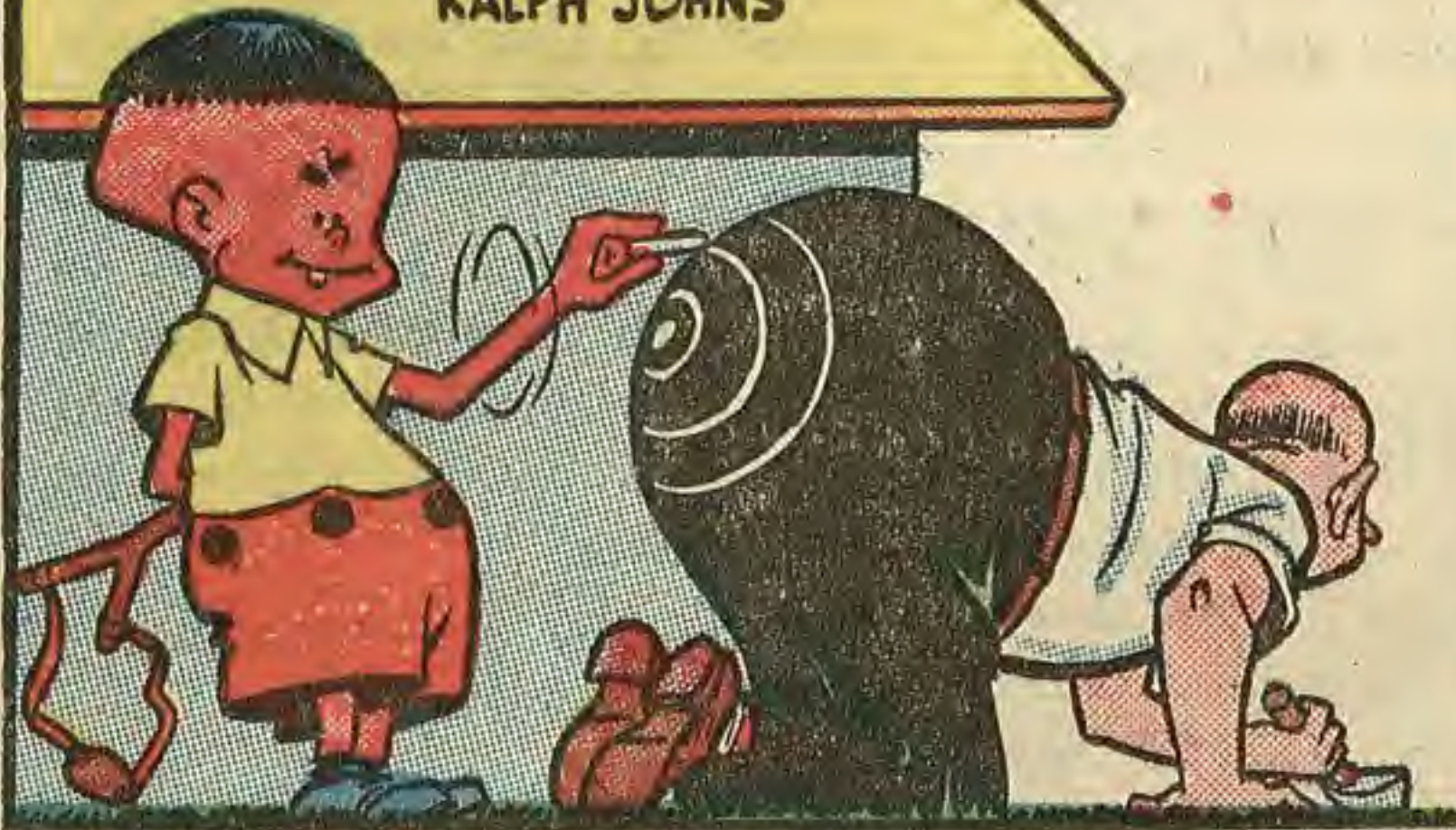
Bordo snarled. "You can do the longest stretch I ever heard of, you rubberized racket-ripper!"

"No," said Plastic Man, shaking his head. "You're doing a longer stretch, Bordo. About twenty years, the judge tells me."



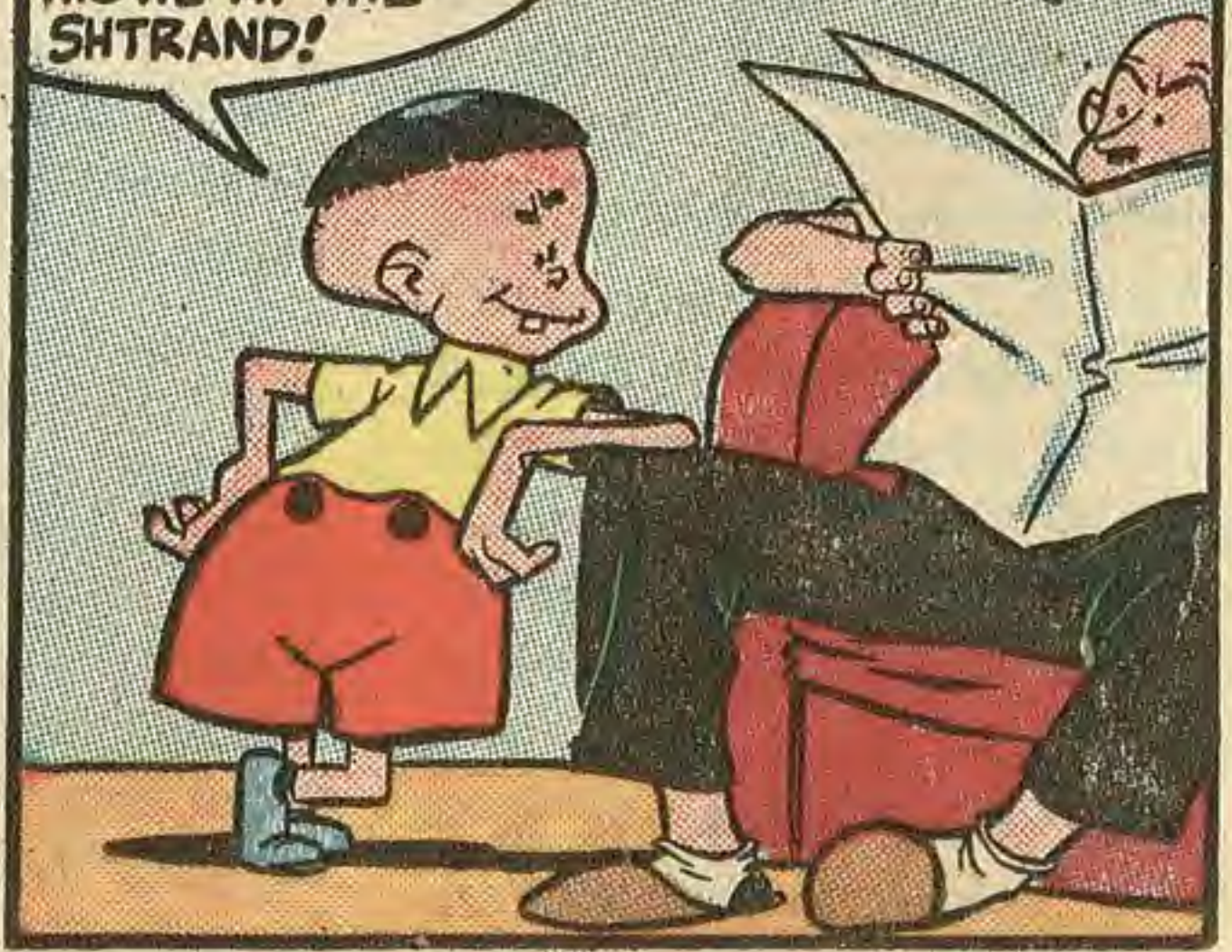
# CUTHBERT

by  
RALPH JOHNS



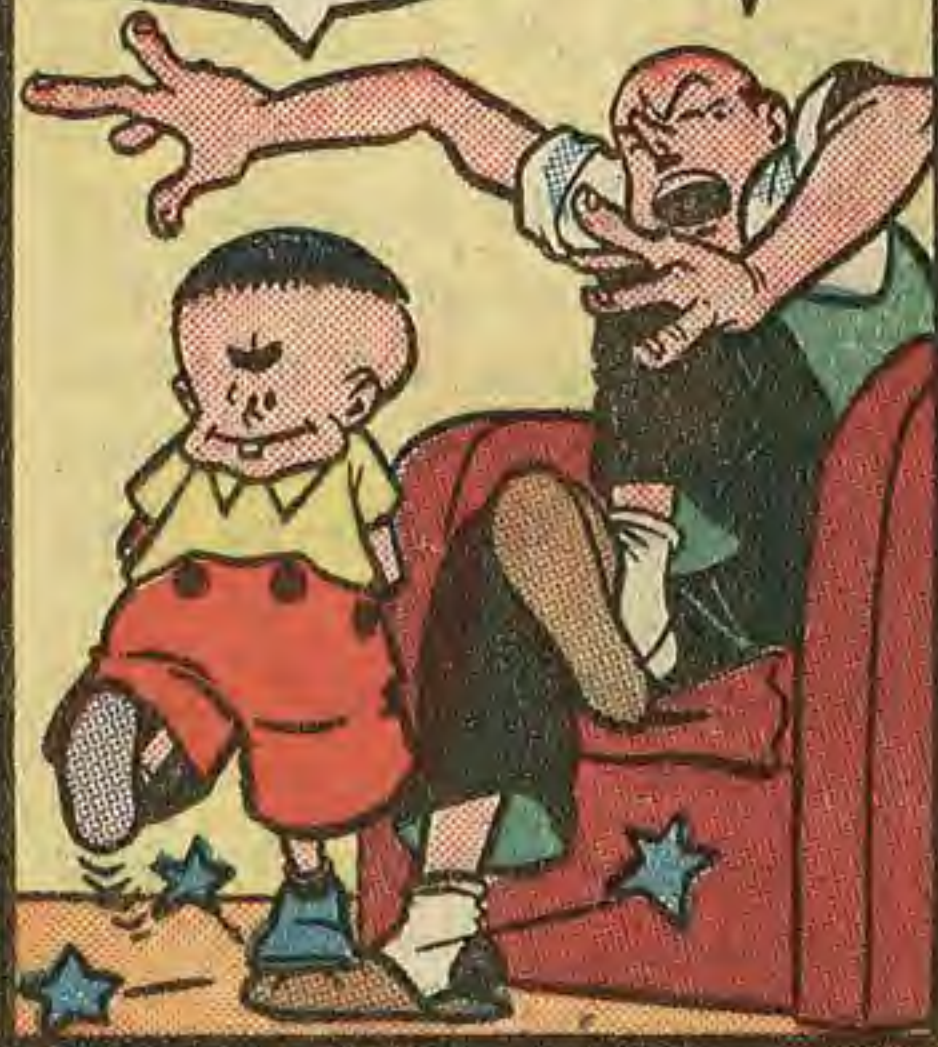
HOWSH ABOUT IT, POPSH? C'N I HAVE TWO BITS? THERSH A SHWELL MOIDER MOVIE AT THE SHTRAND!

**NO!**



DON'T BE --- HASTY, POPSH! BETTER THINK IT OVER!

OWWW! MY FOOT!



IF YOU MUST MARCH, DO IT BEHIND ME!

YESH, SHIR! HUP-TWO-THREE-FOUR-HUP!



SQUATS RIGHT---

**BAW!**

OW!



THAT DOES IT! NOW YOU'RE GOING TO GET IT, BUT GOOD!



HI, TIGER, OLE BOY, OLE BOY!

UHP??

RRRRRRRRRR



ALL RIGHT, HERE'S YOUR QUARTER! ONLY GET OUT OF MY SIGHT!

SHORRY, POPSH --YOU'LL HAVE TO MAKE IT FIFTY CENTSH NOW --- THE PRICESH CHANGE AT FIVE O'CLOCK!





PLASTIC MAN

# PLASTIC MAN

DON'T WORRY,  
WOOZY! JONAH  
WENT THROUGH  
THE SAME EXPERIENCE  
AND CAME OUT  
ALL RIGHT!

YEAH... BUT  
DID HE HAVE THE  
**STRUMBY MOB**  
GUNNING FOR  
HIM?



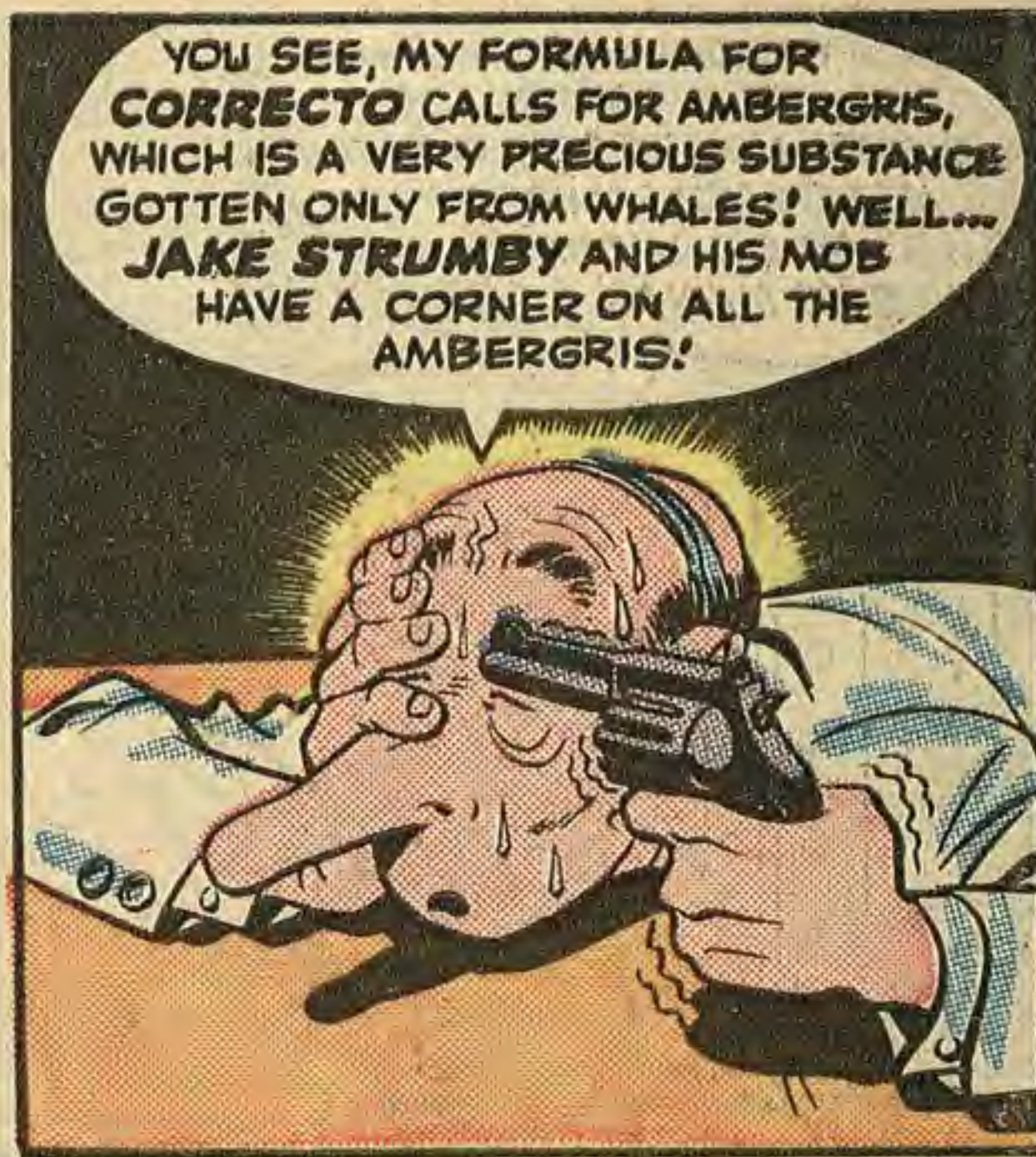
Woosy would go a-whaling ... but bit off more than he could chew! ... and he wished he could say the same for the whale! And ... since it all led to a whale of a lot of trouble, **PLASTIC MAN GOT INTO IT, TOO!**



# PLASTIC MAN









# PLASTIC MAN

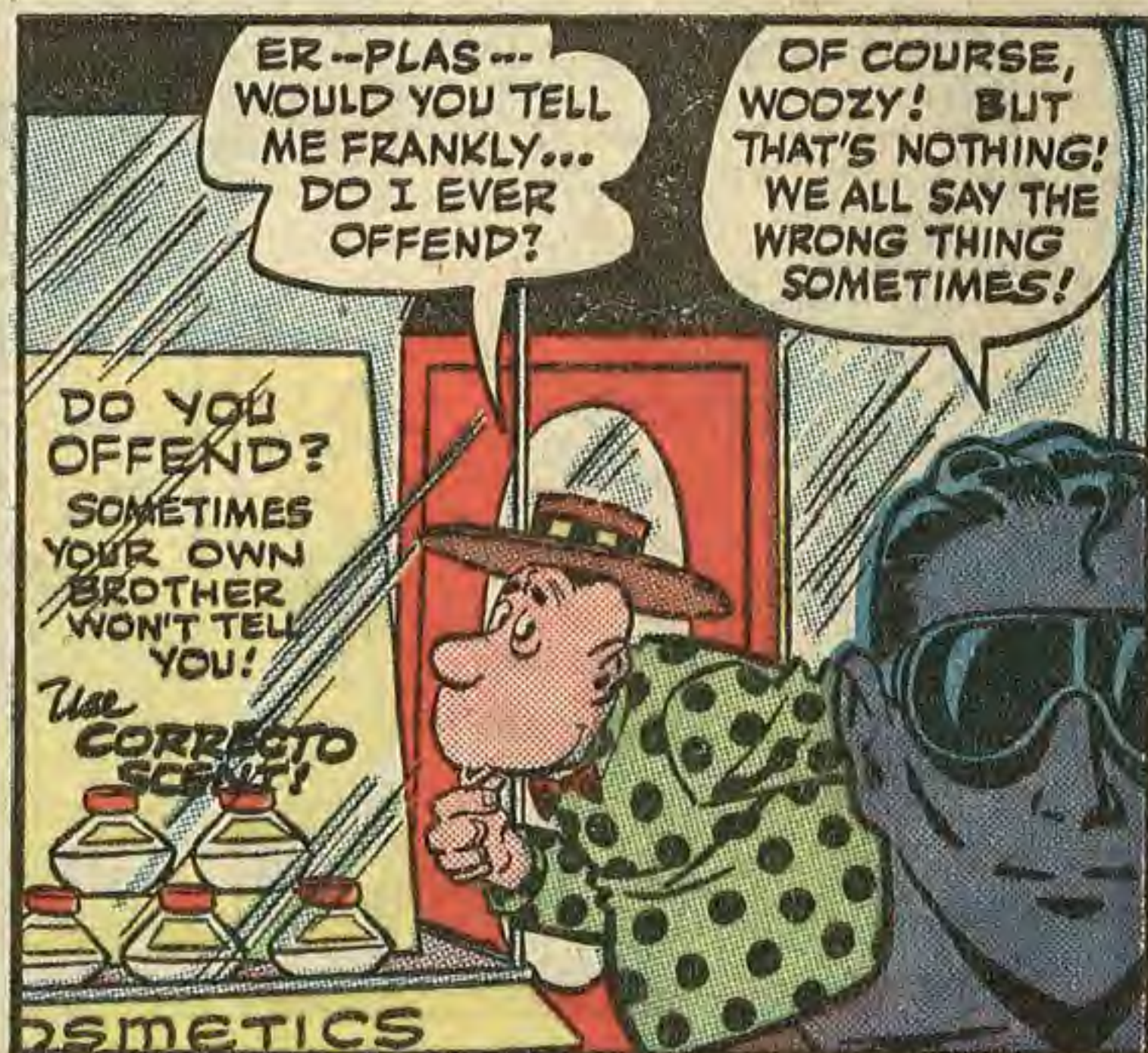
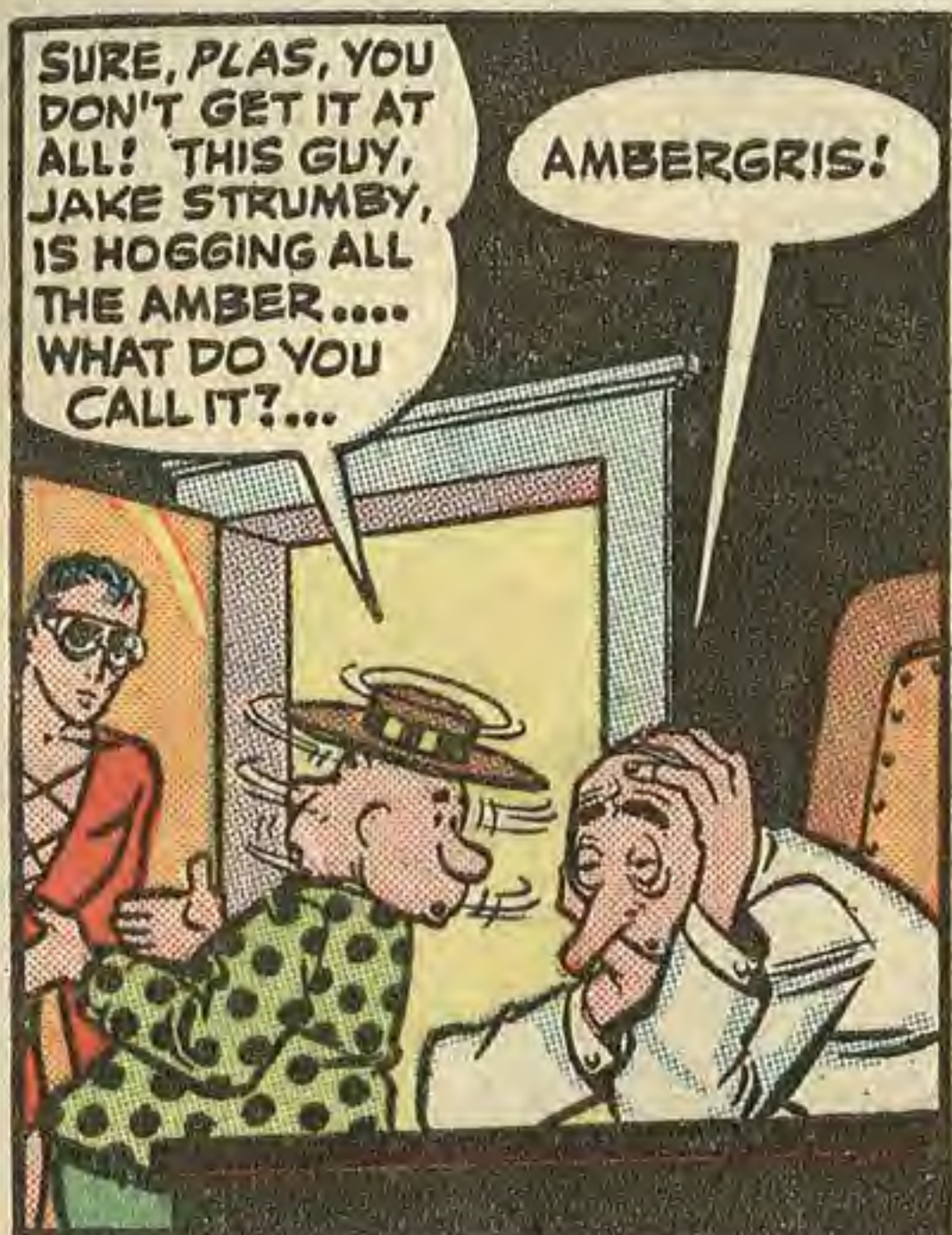


THE RAREST DIAMONDS, SAPPHIRES, EMERALDS AND OTHER JEWELS HAVE BEEN BROUGHT INTO THIS COUNTRY, YET THE CUSTOMS PEOPLE ARE CERTAIN THEY WEREN'T SMUGGLED IN ON ANY BOAT OR PLANE!

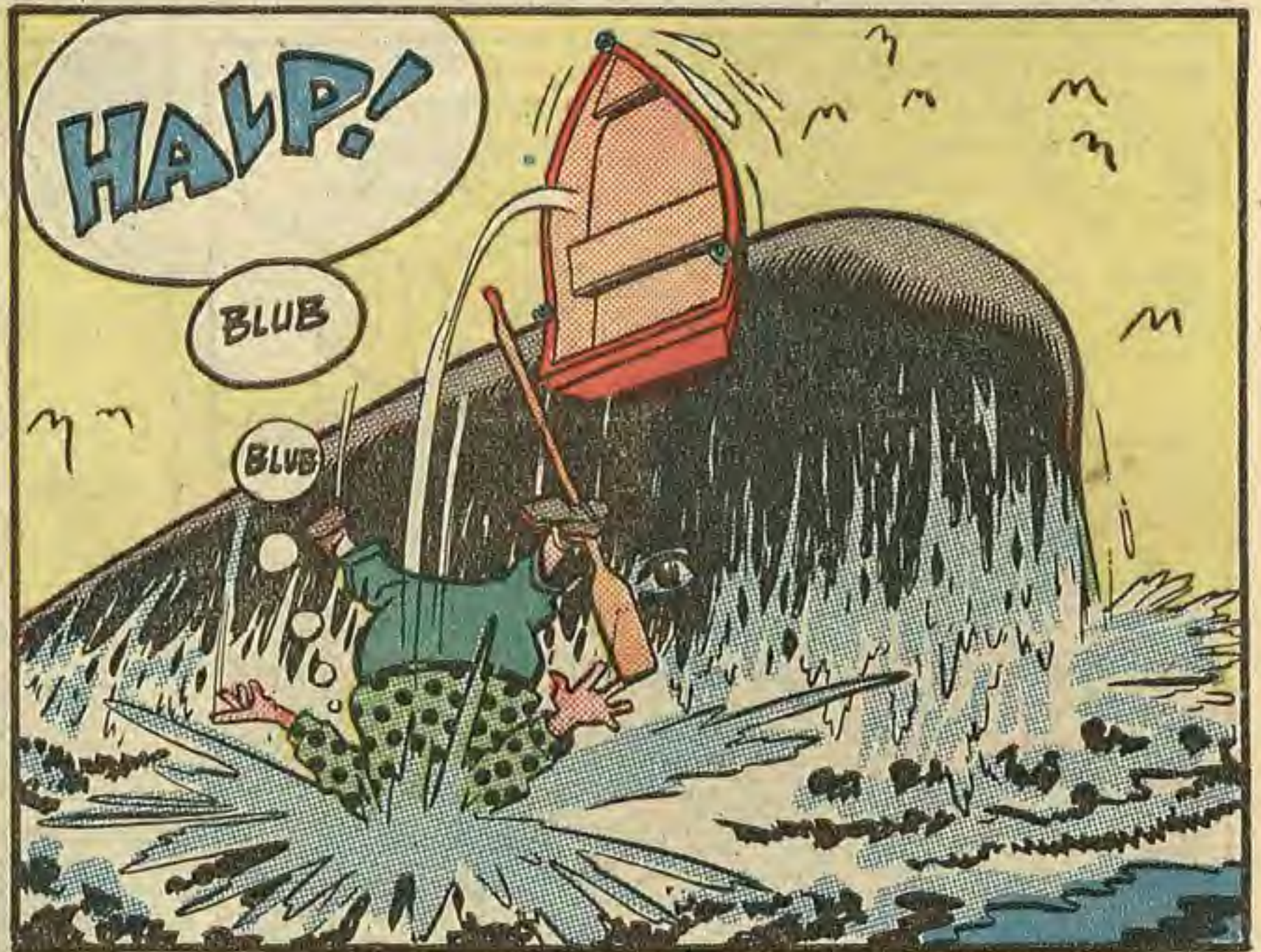




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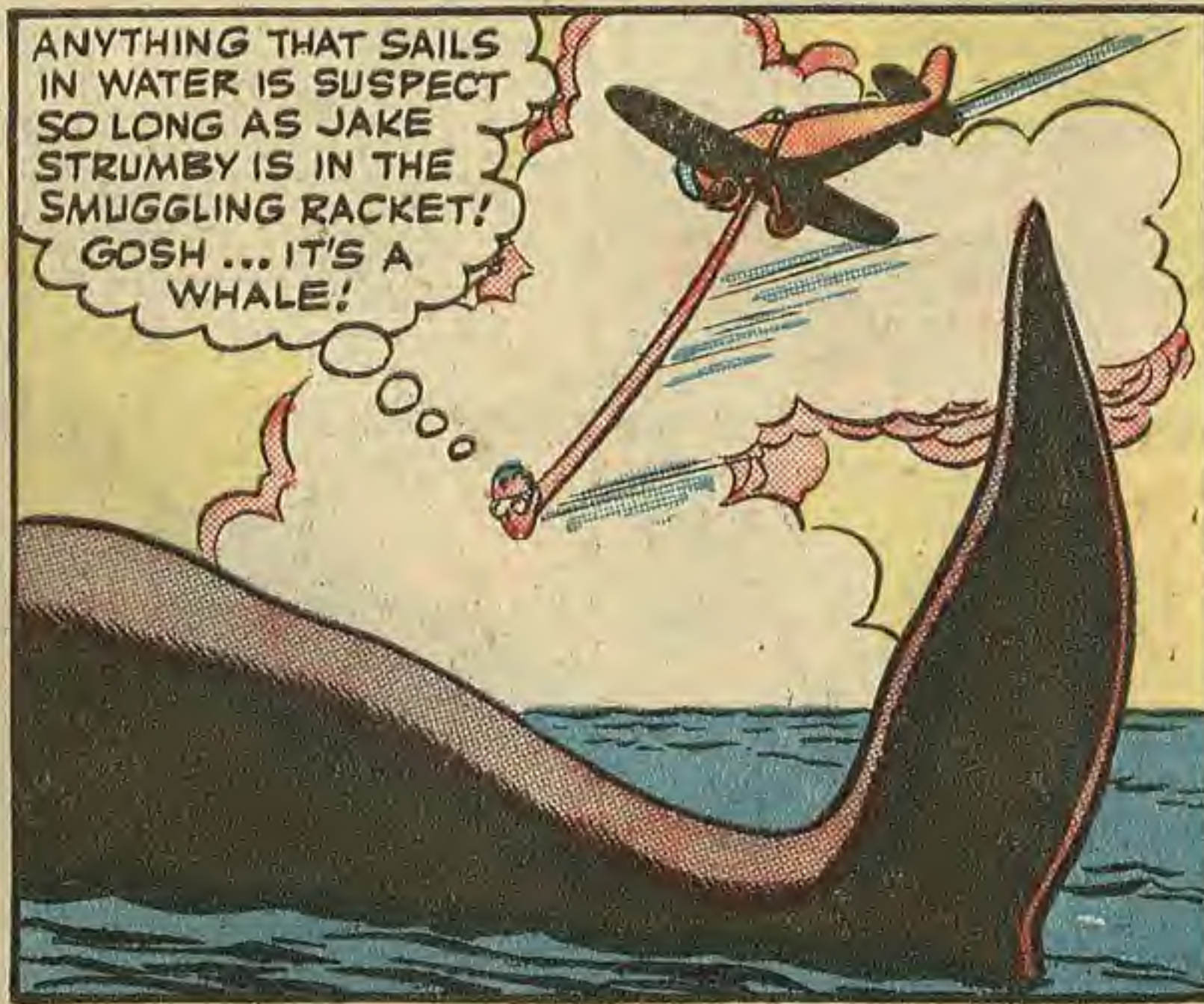
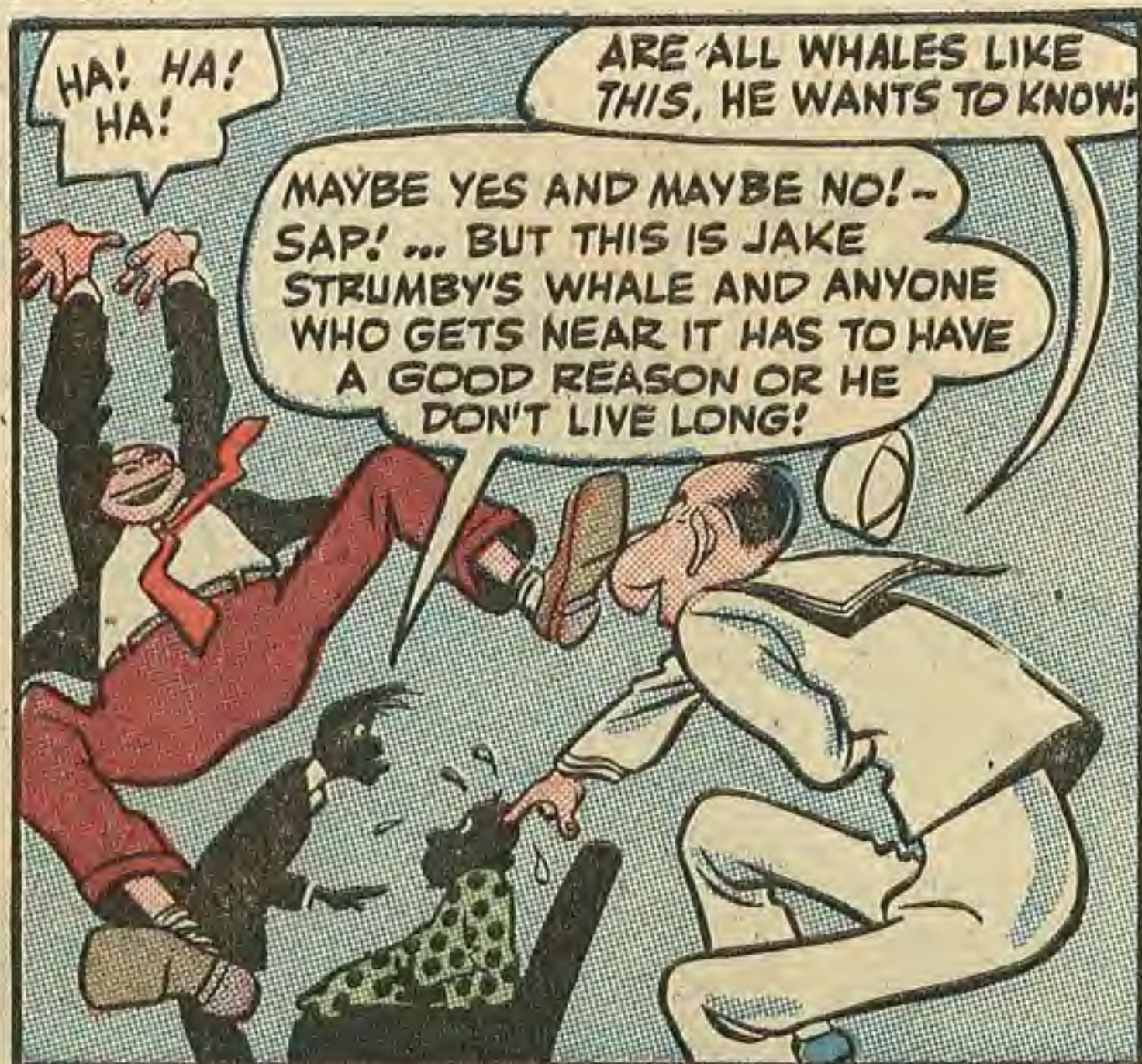
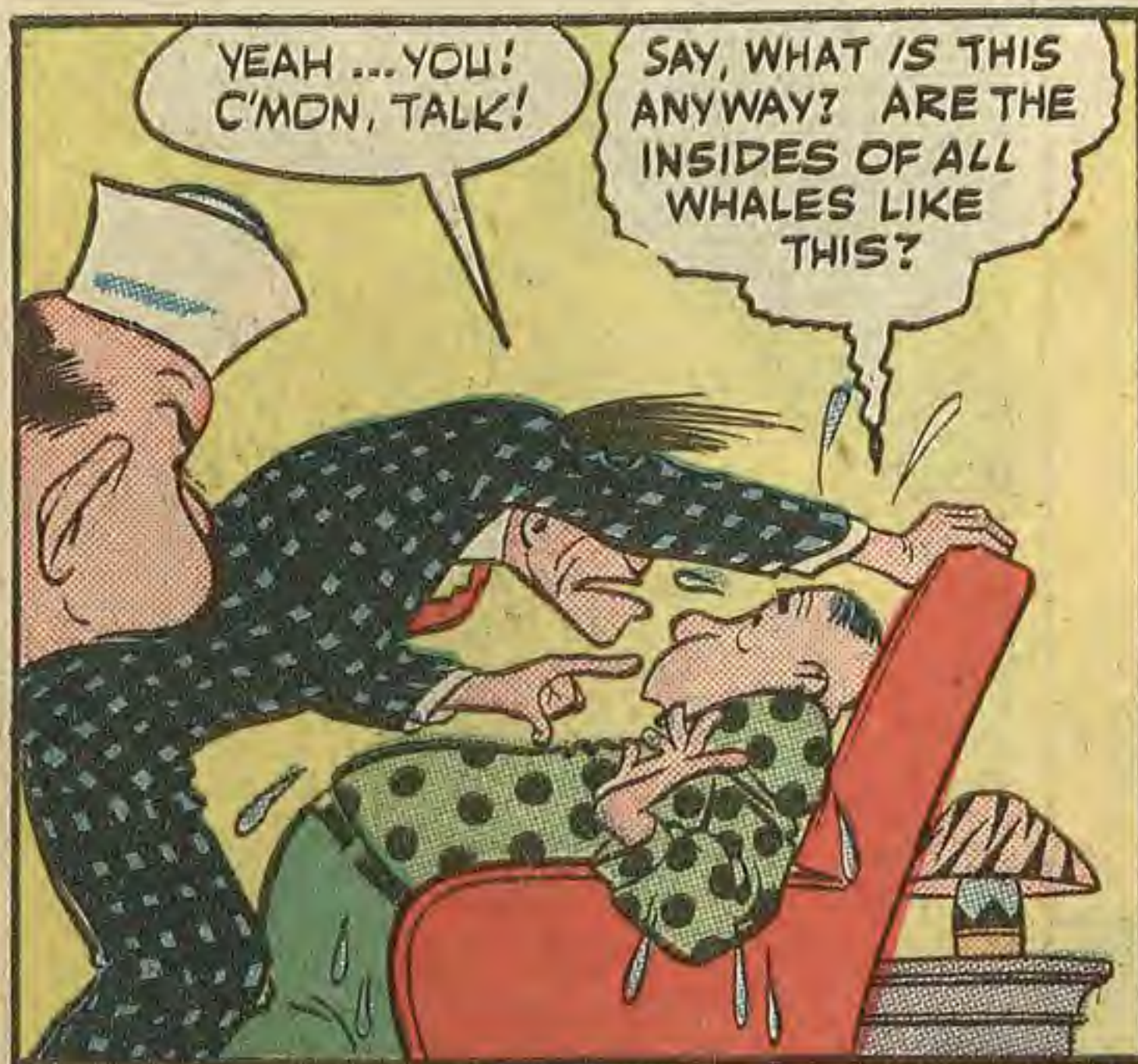








# PLASTIC MAN

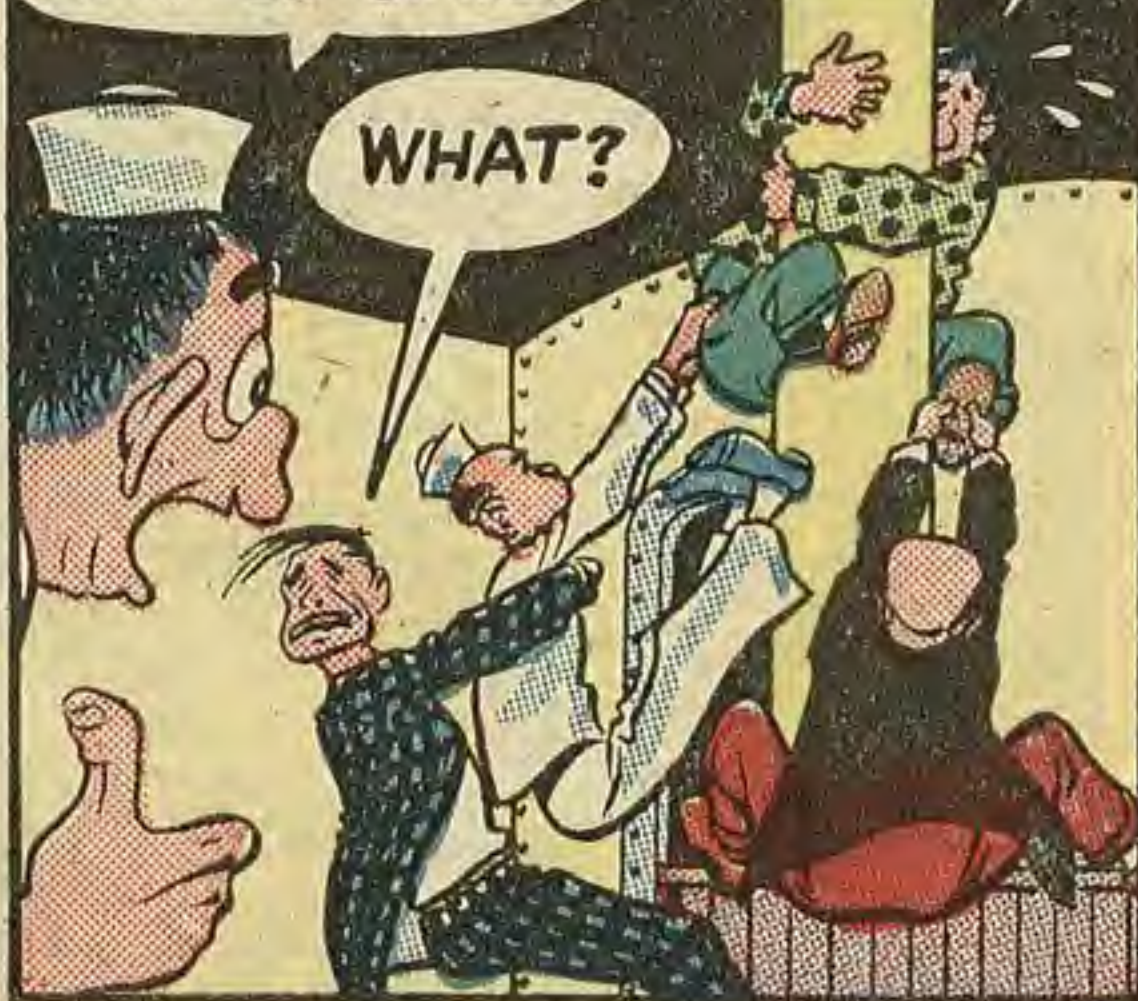




But in the false whale's lookout compartment...

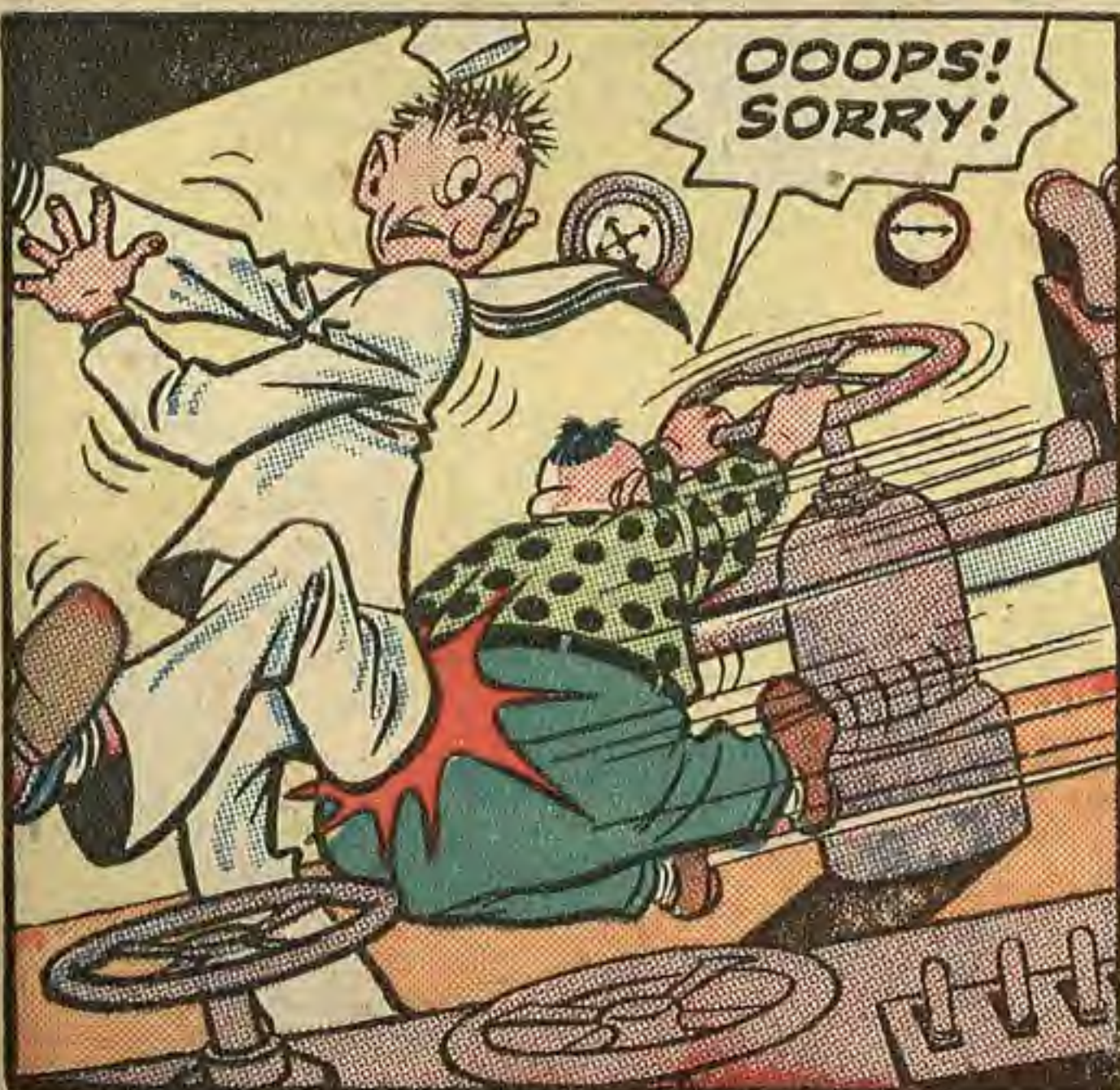
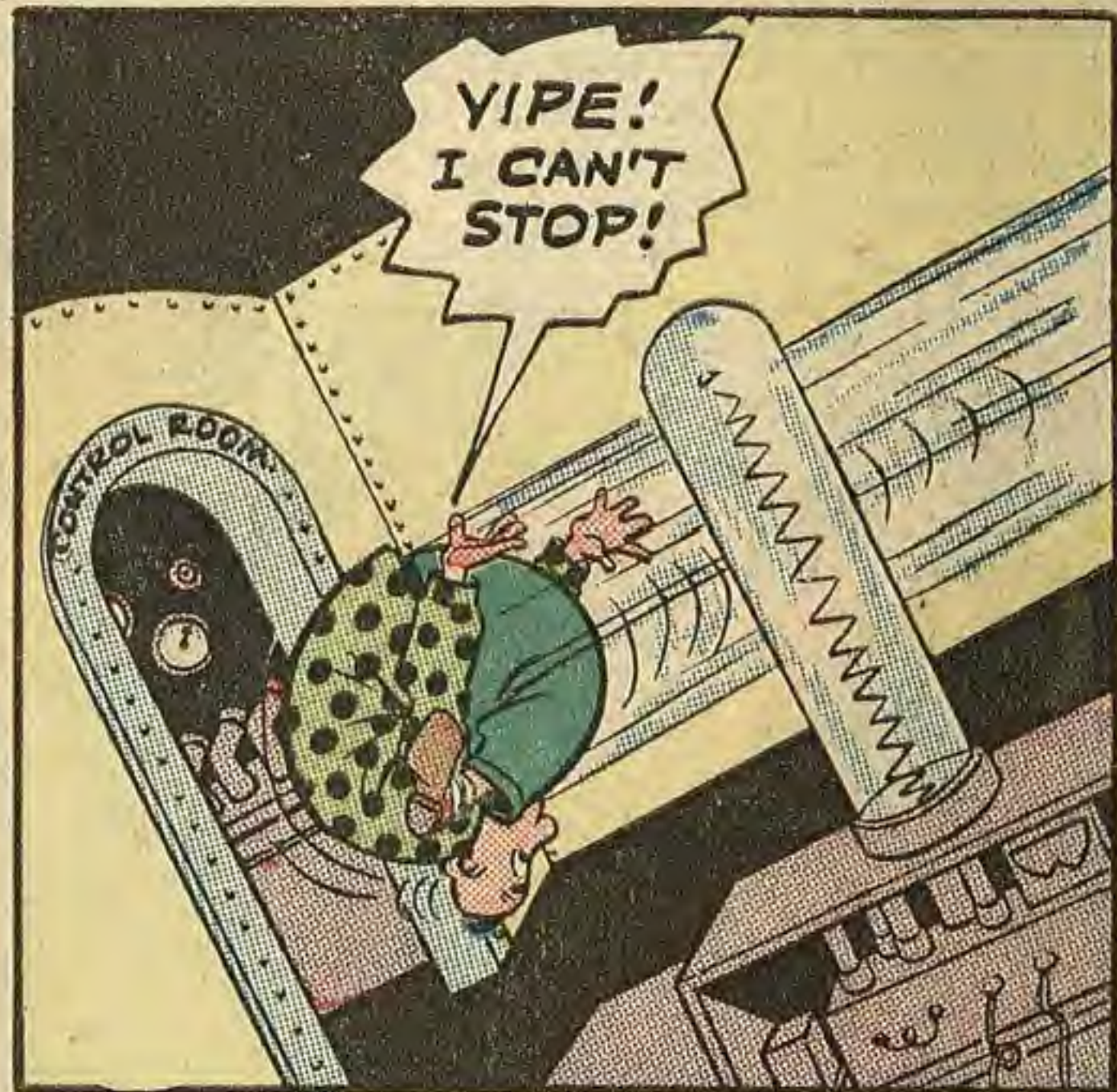
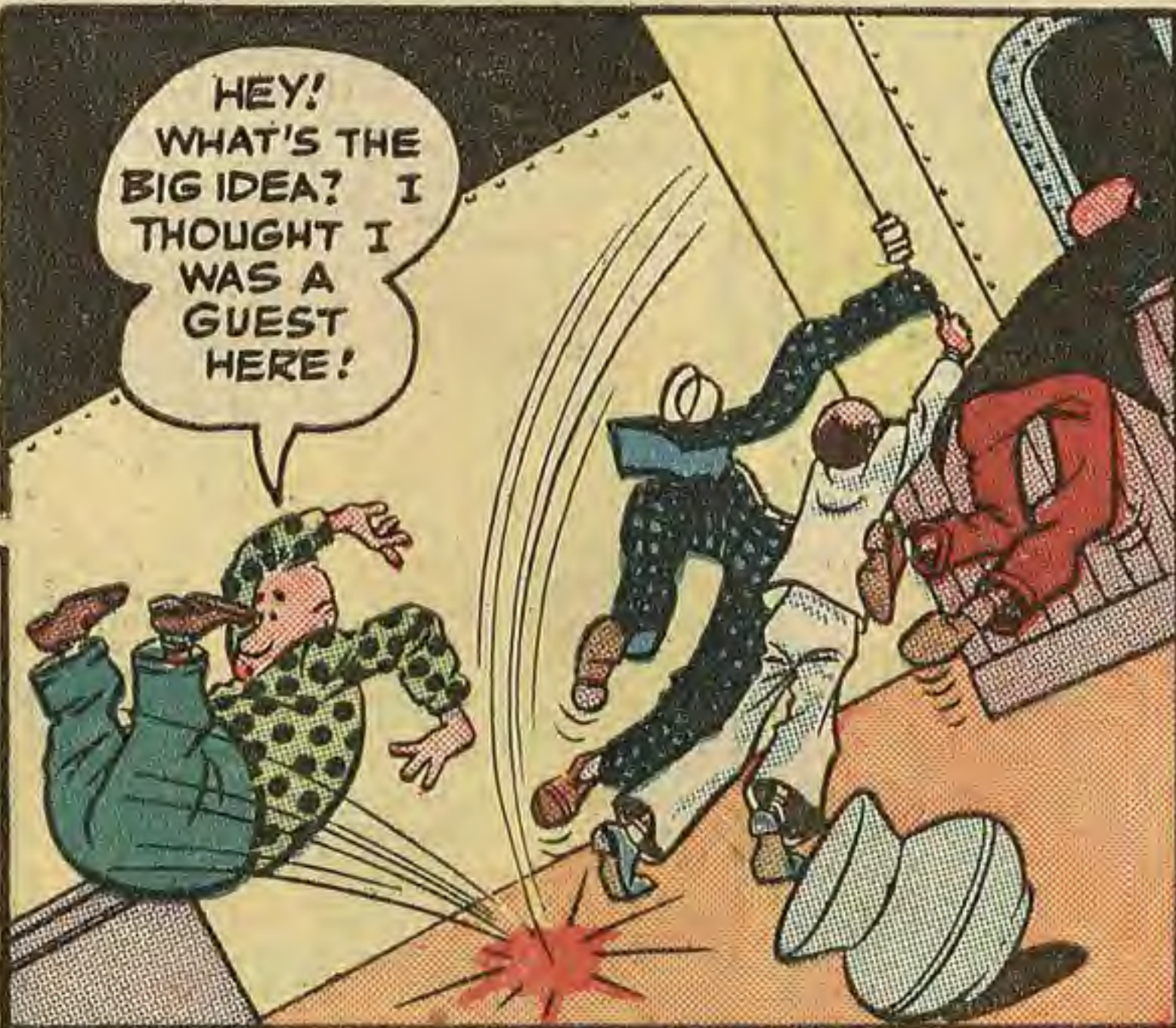
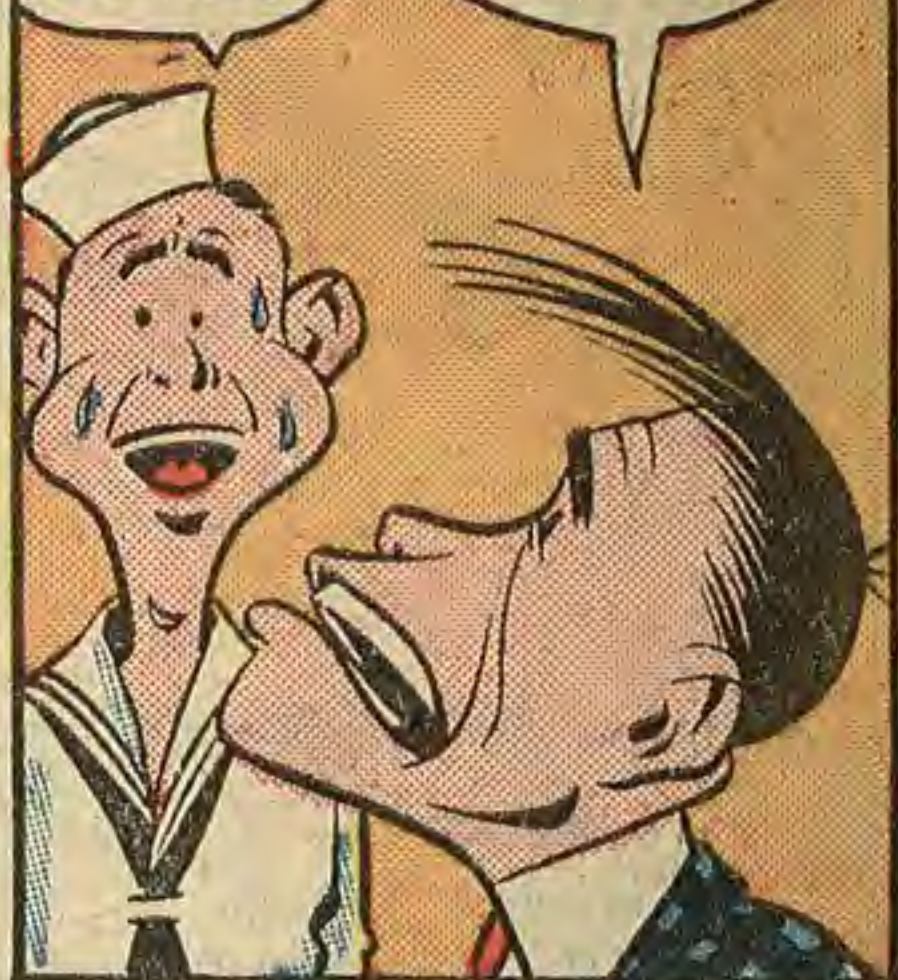


BOSS, I JUST SAW PLASTIC MAN! HE'S IN A PLANE OVERHEAD AND HE CAME STRETCHING DOWN TO WITHIN FIFTY FEET OF ME!



PLASTIC MAN!... THAT AIN'T HEALTHY... SEA AIR OR NO!

HANG ON, EVERYBODY! WE'RE GONNA CRASH-DIVE! DIVE!!





# PLASTIC MAN



THAT WHALE SURE  
SUBMERGED IN A  
HURRY! I MUST'VE  
SCARED THE DAYLIGHTS  
OUT OF HIM!



OW-W!

GURGLE!

GLUB!



IT'S THAT  
FAT GUY!  
HE GOT  
OUT, BOSS!

GET THAT WHALE  
MOUTH SHUT, YOU  
DUMB CLUCK!

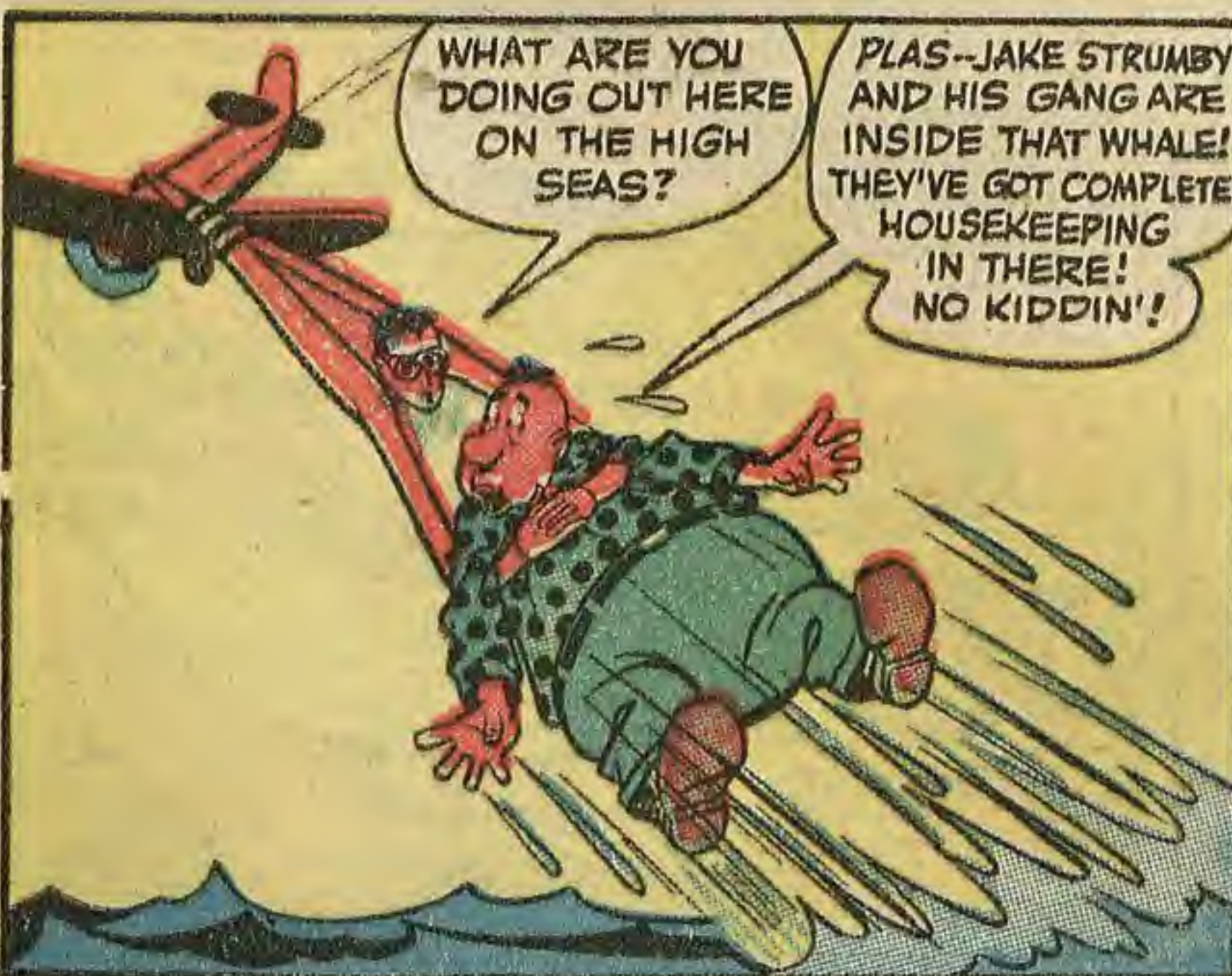


IF I DIDN'T  
KNOW BETTER,  
I'D SAY WOOLY  
WAS THERE  
IN THE  
WATER!



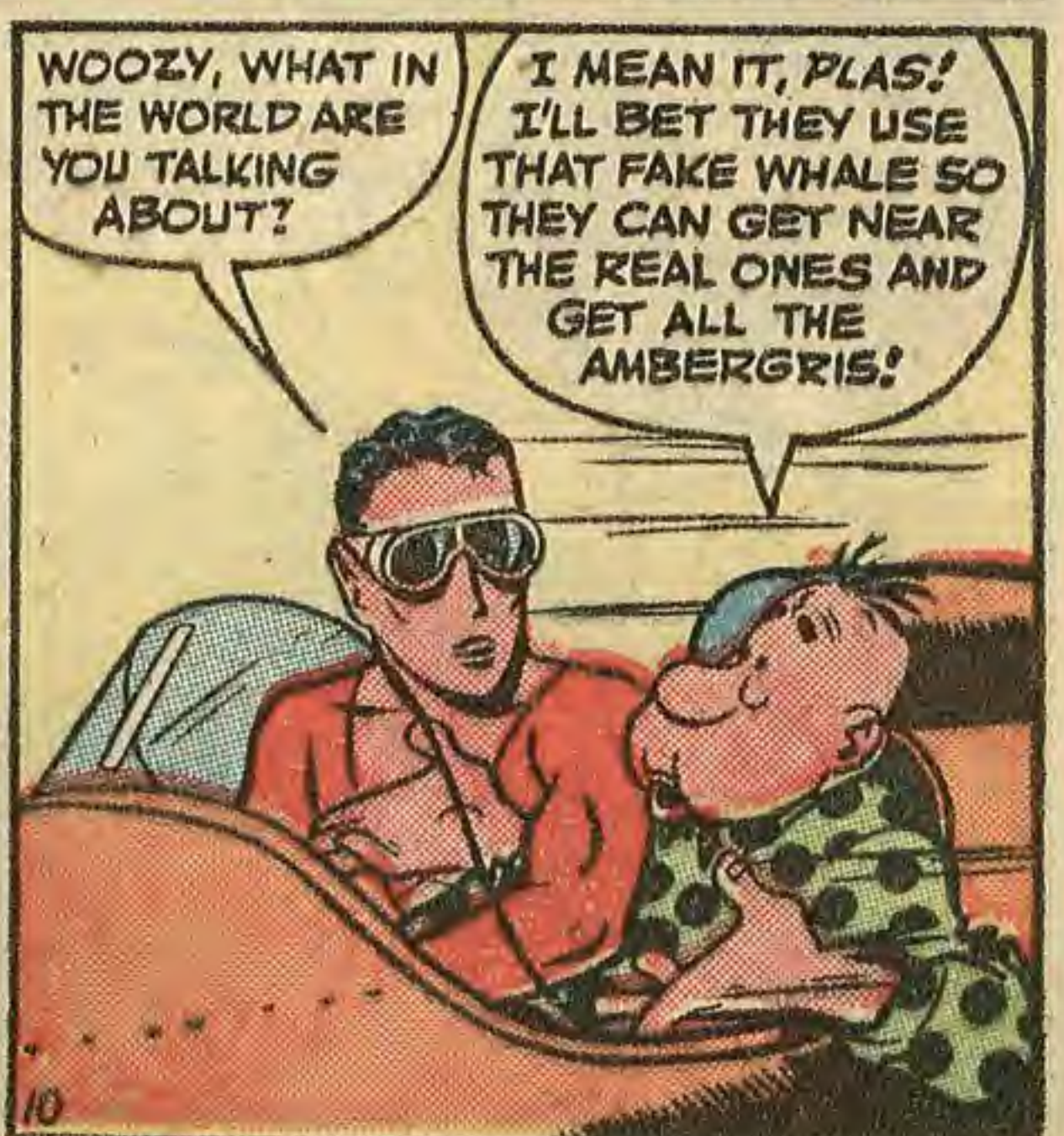
IT IS WOOLY!  
HOW DID HE  
EVER GET  
OUT HERE?

PLAS!  
PLAS!  
HELP!



WHAT ARE YOU  
DOING OUT HERE  
ON THE HIGH  
SEAS?

PLAS--JAKE STRUMBY  
AND HIS GANG ARE  
INSIDE THAT WHALE!  
THEY'VE GOT COMPLETE  
HOUSEKEEPING  
IN THERE!  
NO KIDDIN'!

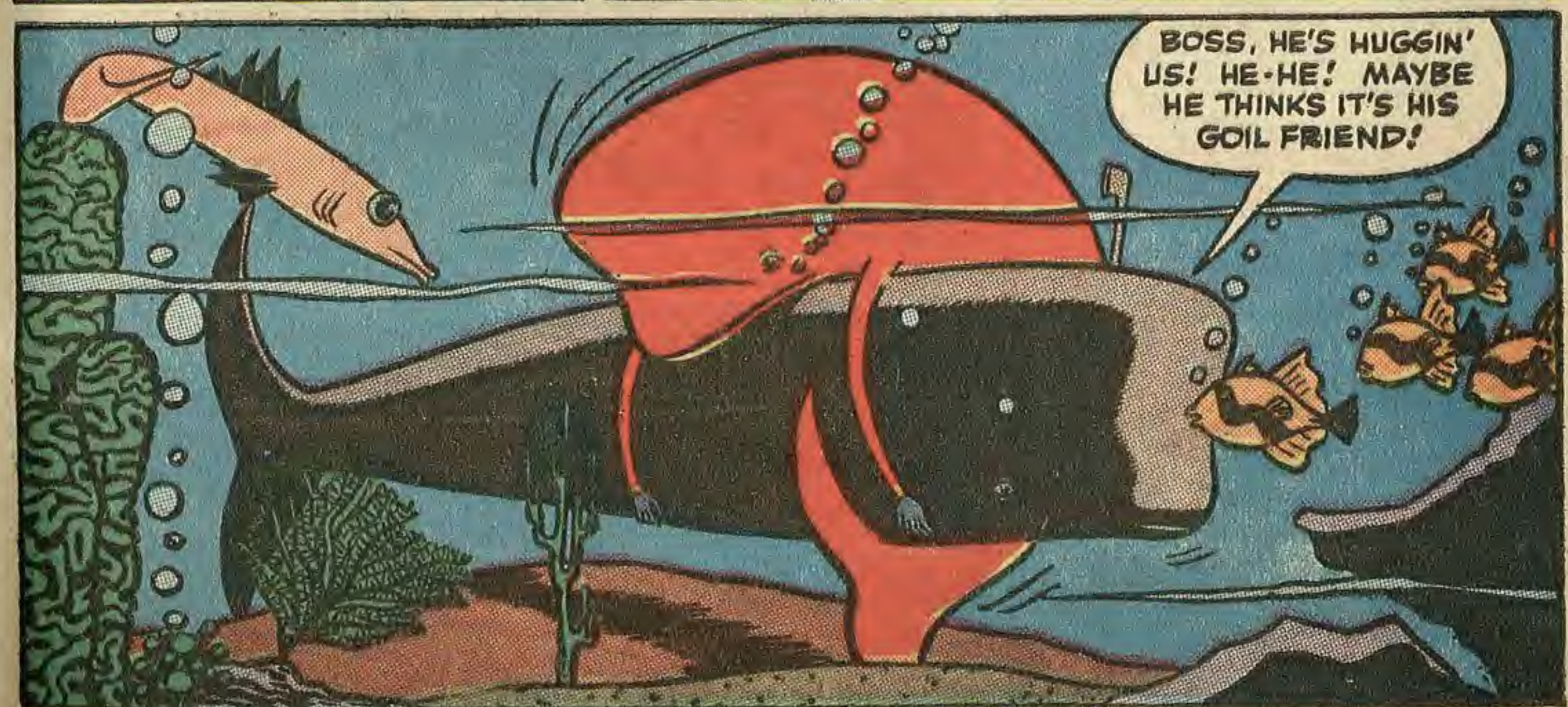
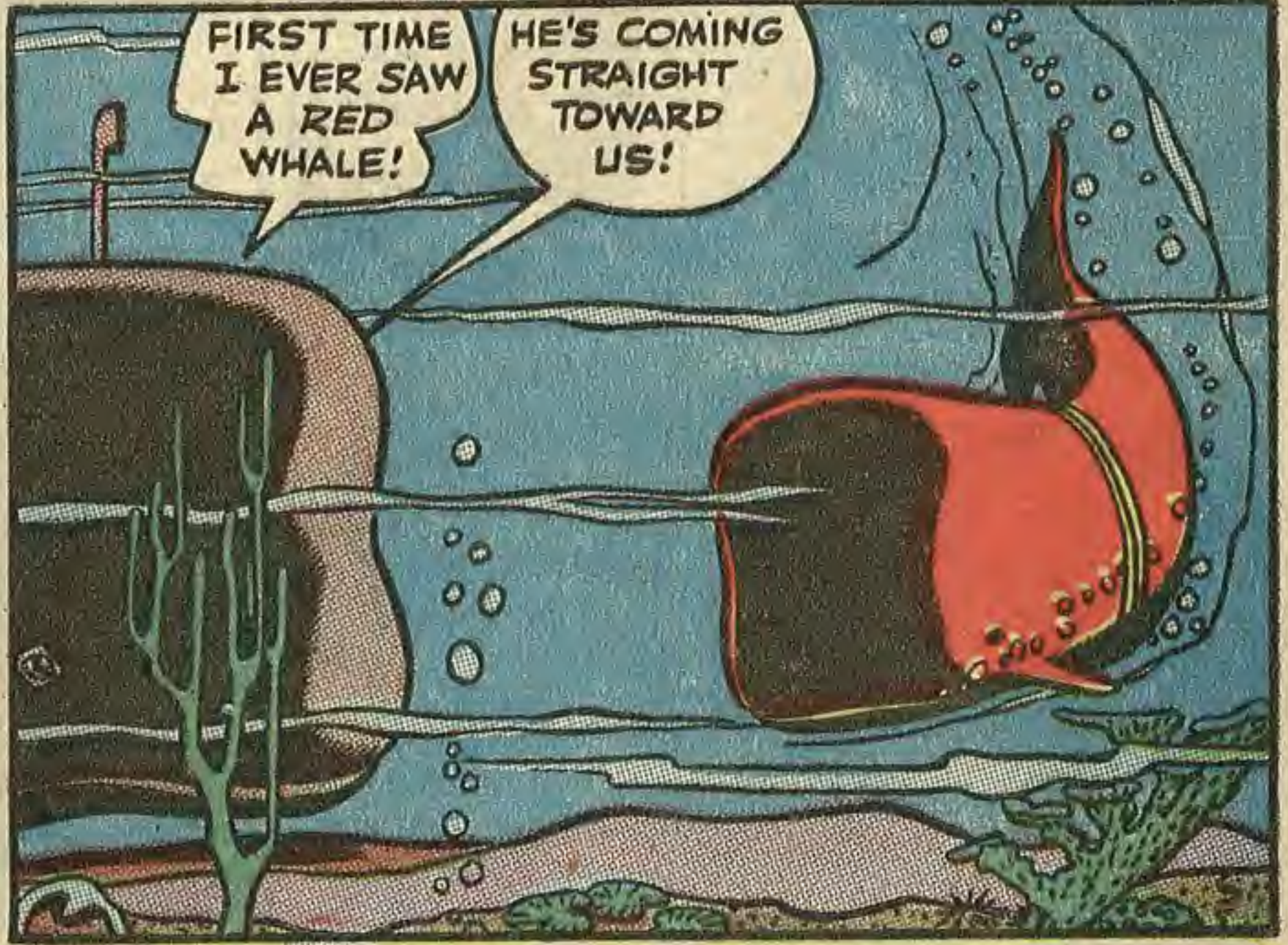


WOOLY, WHAT IN  
THE WORLD ARE  
YOU TALKING  
ABOUT?

I MEAN IT, PLAS!  
I'LL BET THEY USE  
THAT FAKE WHALE SO  
THEY CAN GET NEAR  
THE REAL ONES AND  
GET ALL THE  
AMBERGRIS!

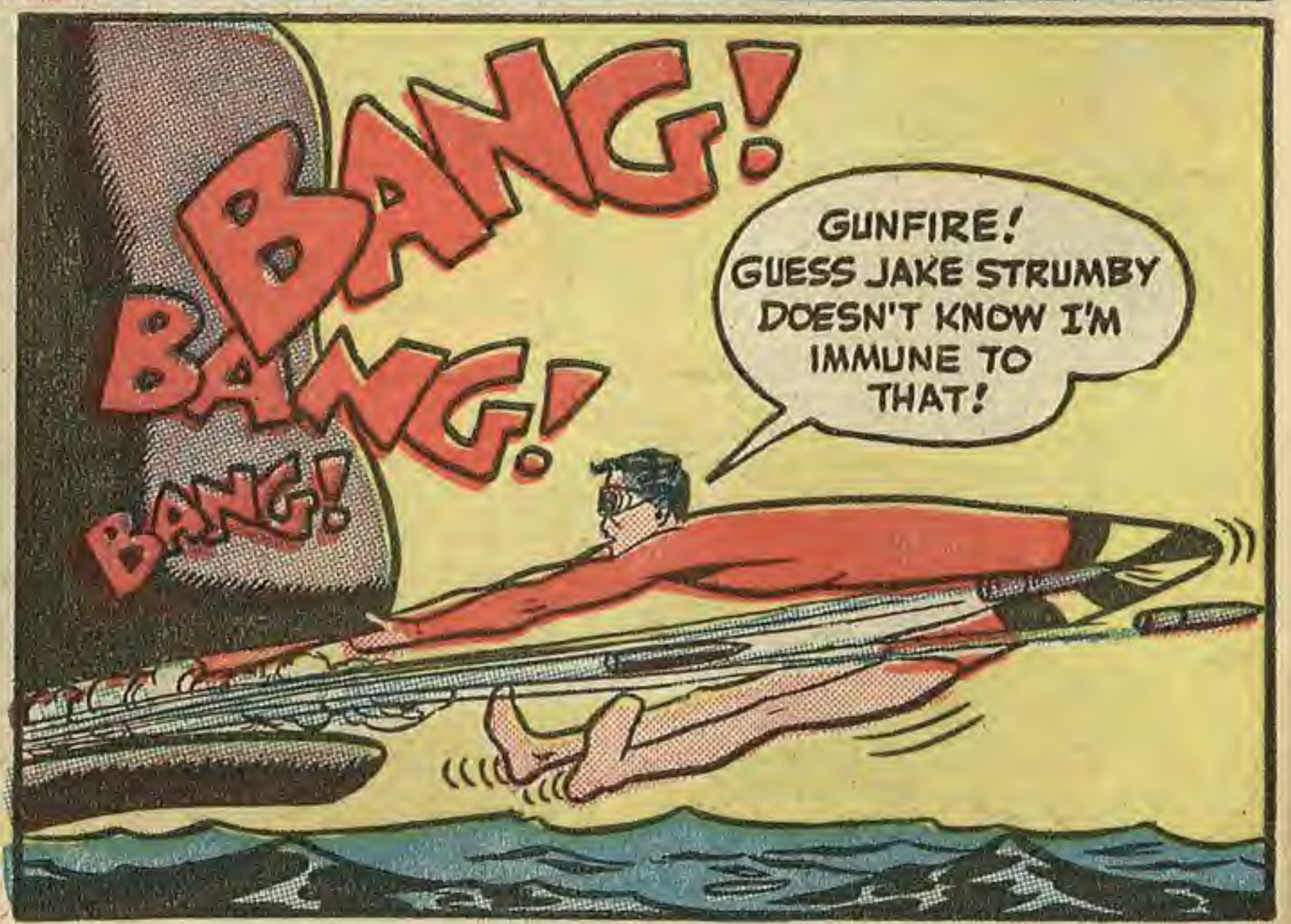
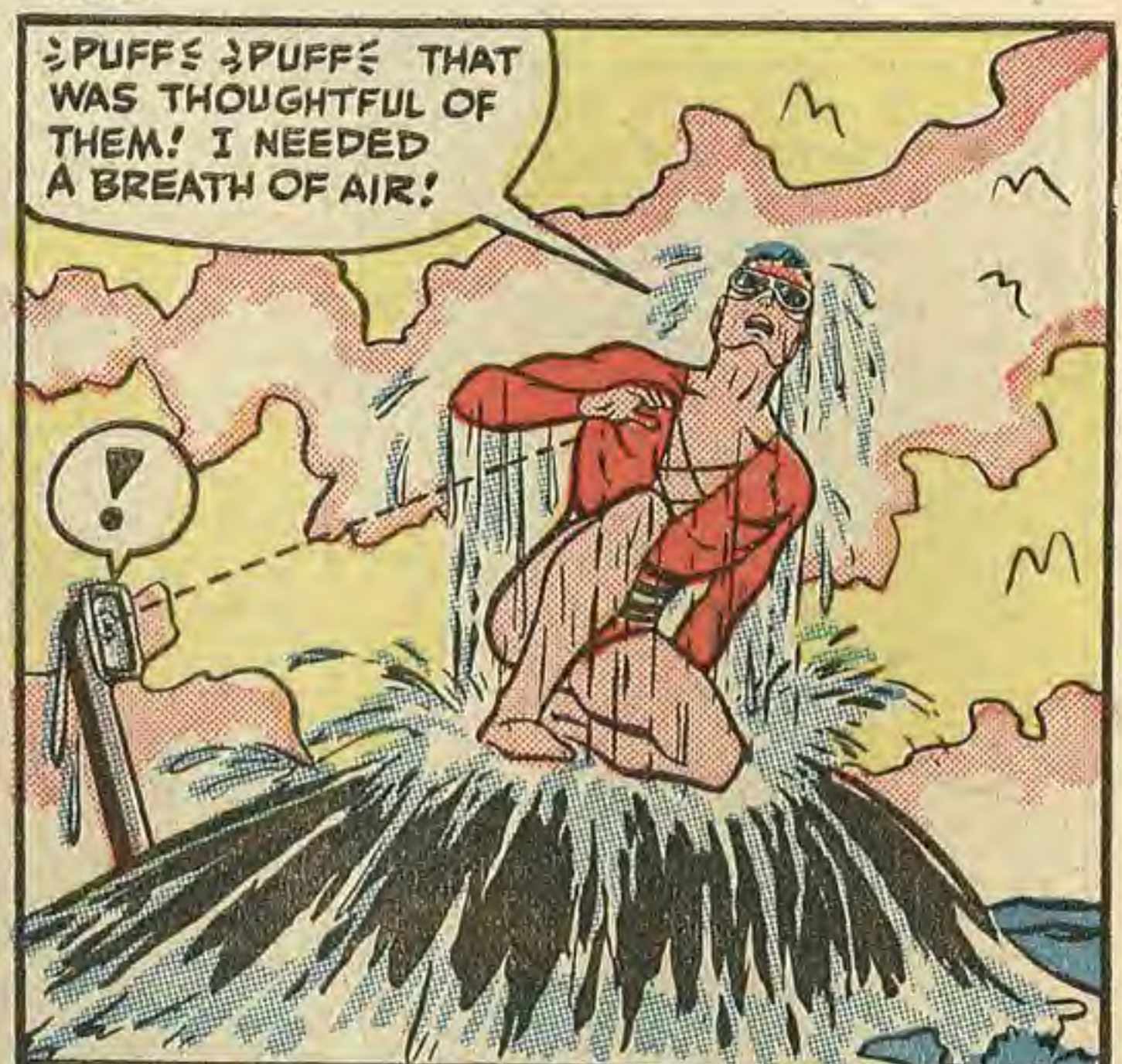
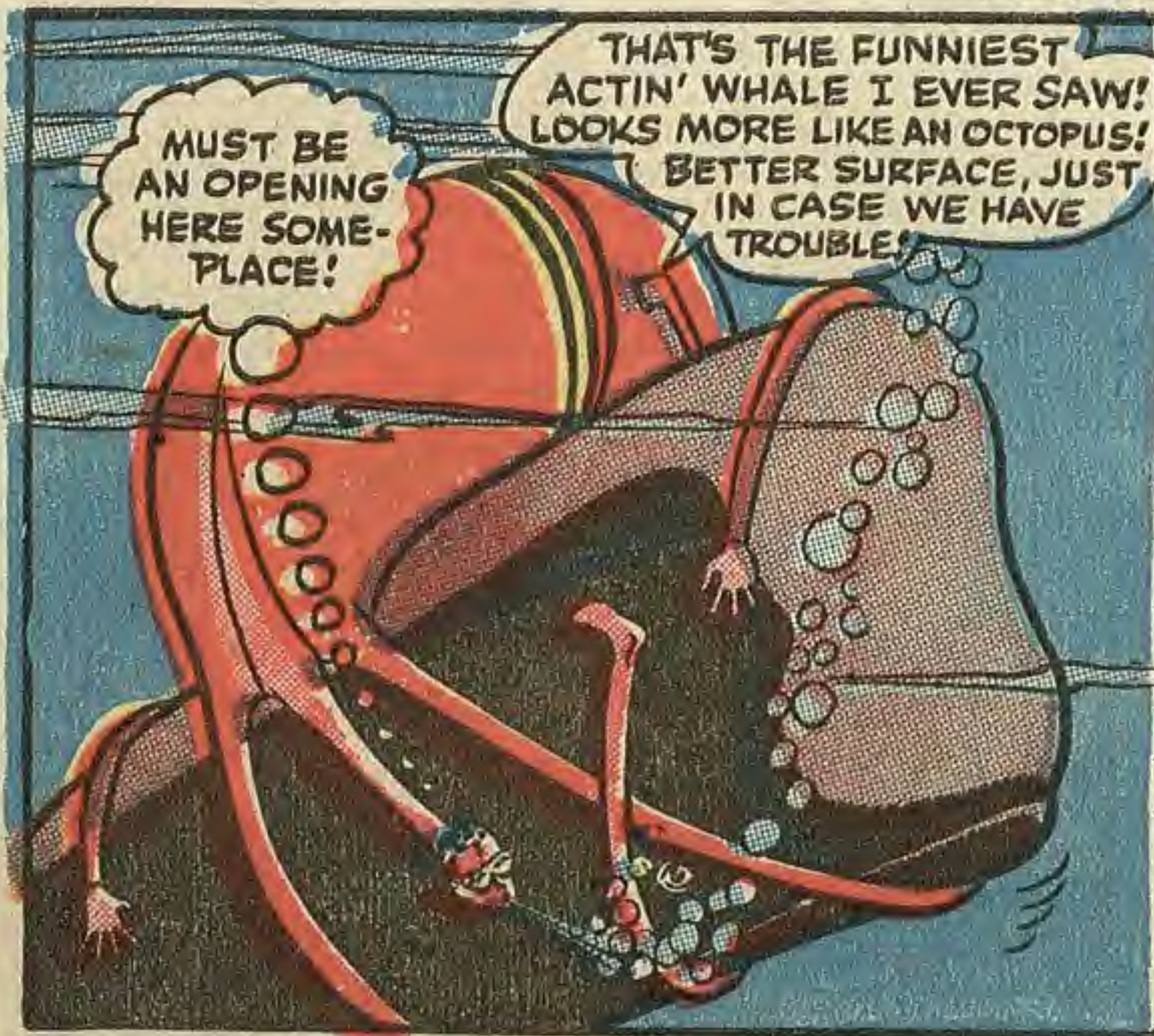


# PLASTIC MAN



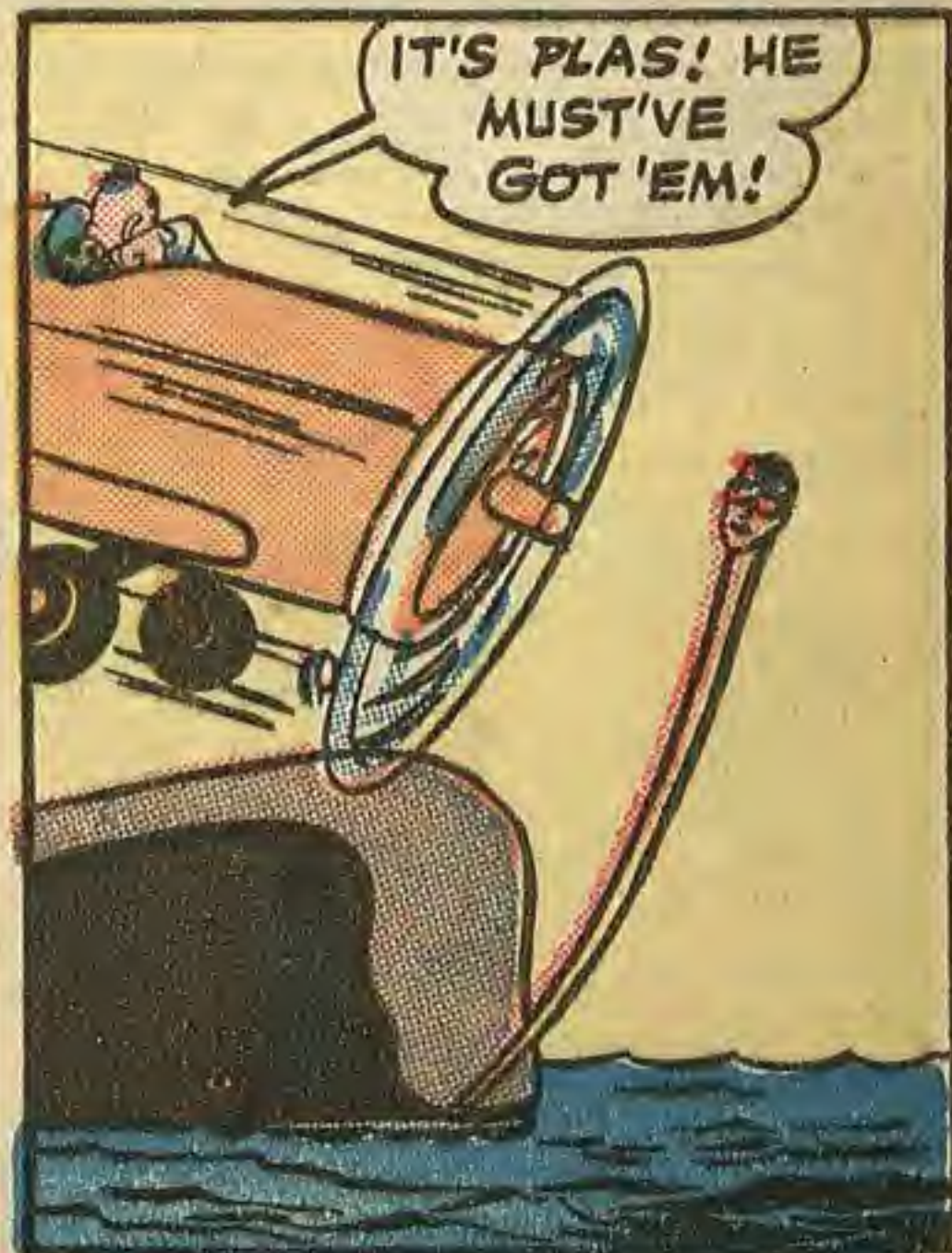
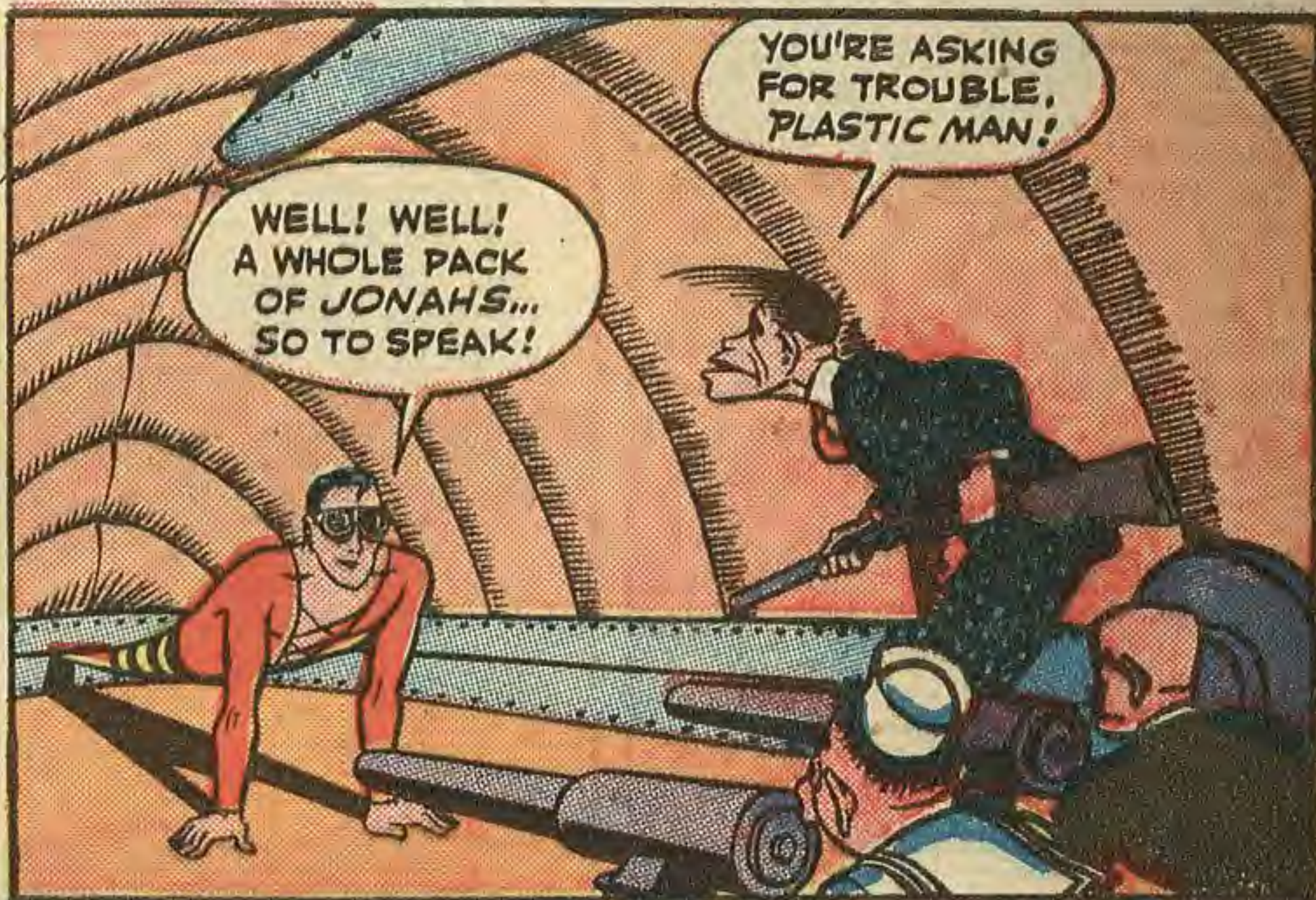


# PLASTIC MAN

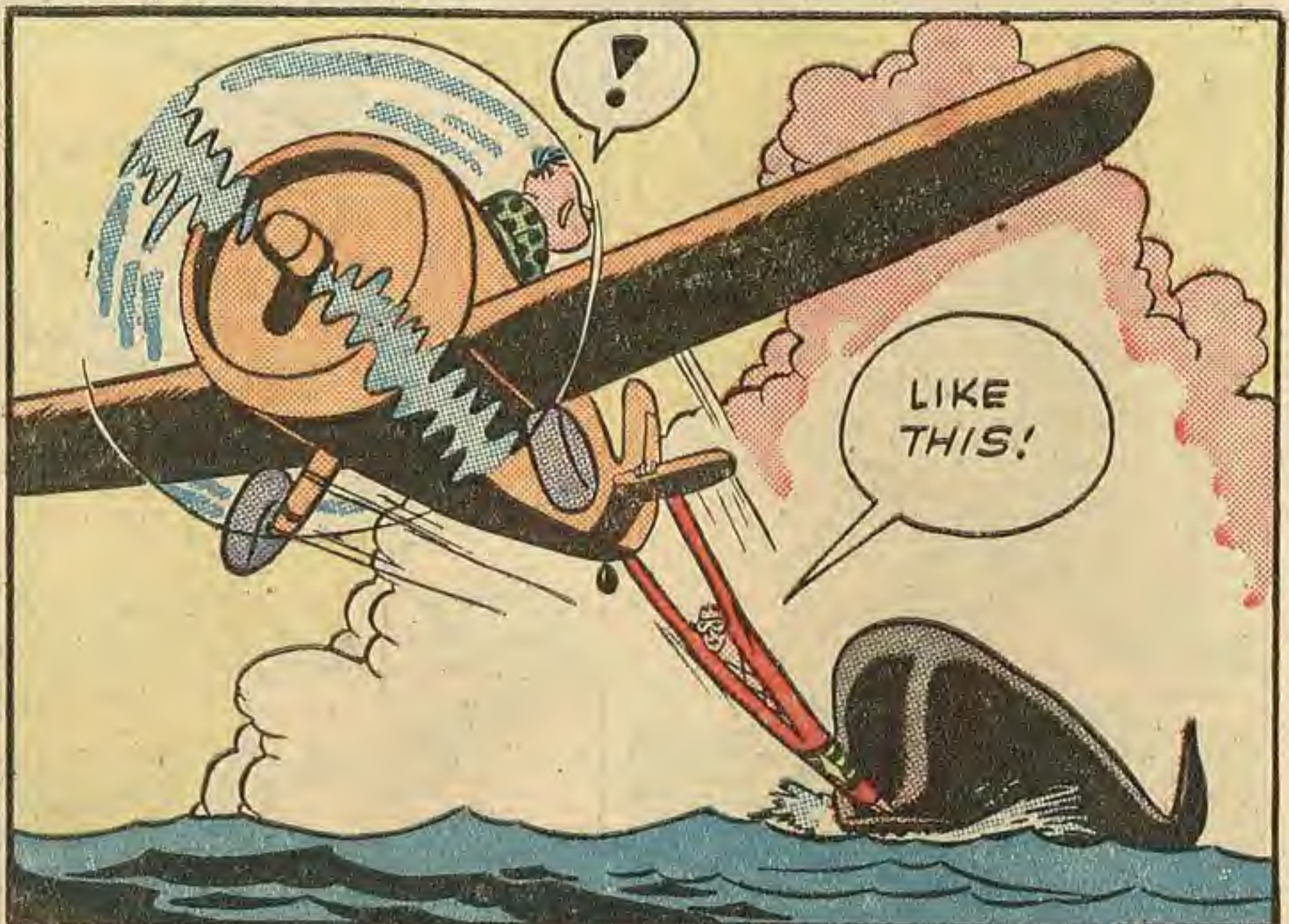
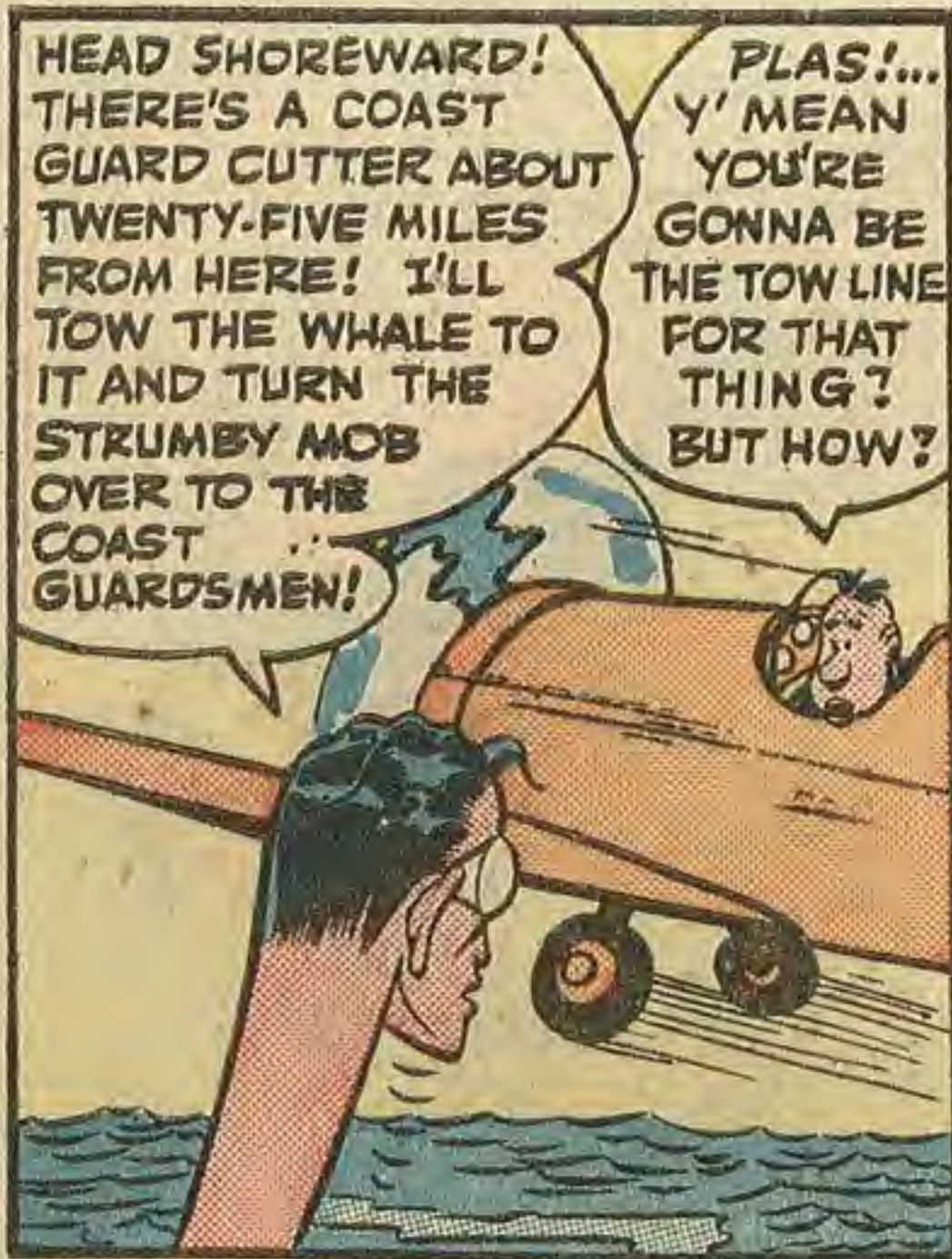




# PLASTIC MAN





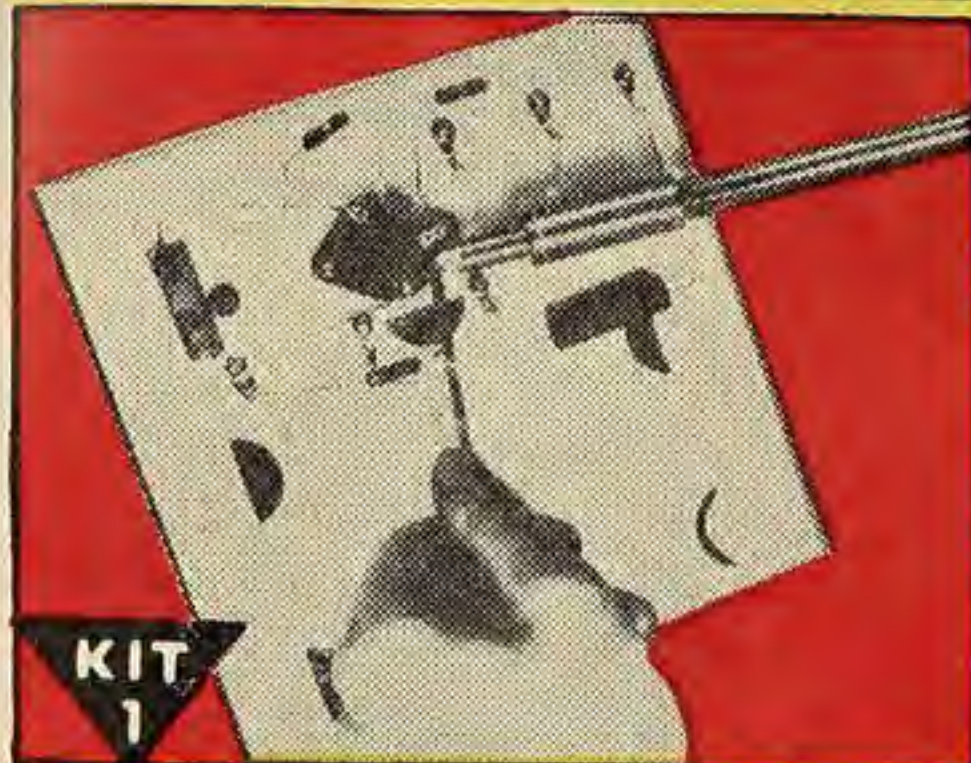






# I Will Show You How to Learn RADIO by Practicing in Spare Time

**I Send You  
6 Big Kits  
of Radio Parts**



**KIT  
1**

I send you Soldering Equipment and Radio Parts; show you how to do Radio soldering; how to mount and connect Radio parts; give you practical experience.



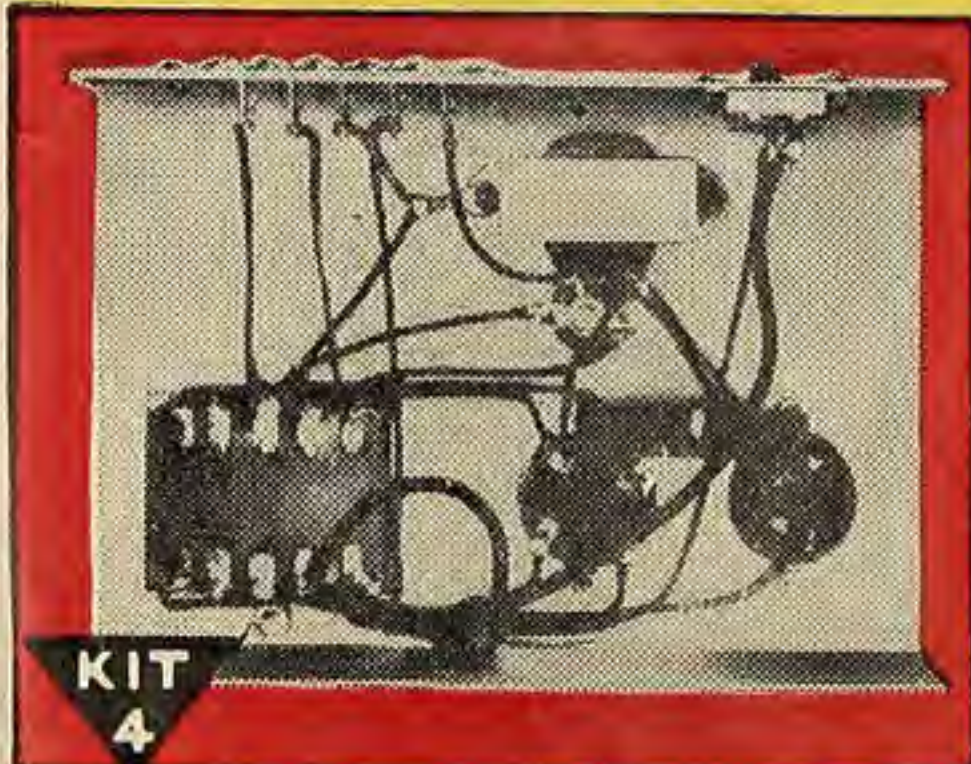
**KIT  
2**

Early in my Course I show you how to build this N.R.I. Tester with parts I send. It soon helps you fix neighborhood Radios and earn EXTRA money in spare time.



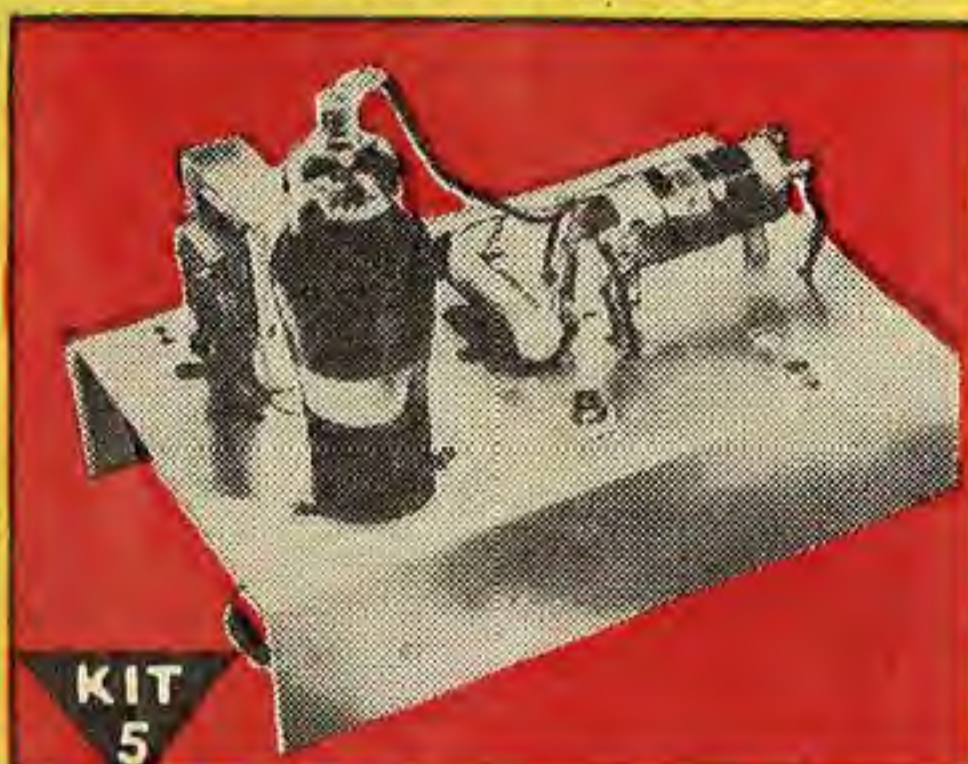
**KIT  
3**

You get parts to build Radio Circuits; then test them; see how they work; learn how to design special circuits; how to locate and repair circuit defects.



**KIT  
4**

You get parts to build this Vacuum Tube Power Pack; make changes which give you experience with packs of many kinds; learn to correct power pack troubles.



**KIT  
5**

Building this A. M. Signal Generator gives you more valuable experience. It provides amplitude-modulated signals for many tests and experiments.



**KIT  
6**

You build this Superheterodyne Receiver which brings in local and distant stations—and gives you more experience to help you win success in Radio.

## KNOW RADIO - Win Success I Will Train You at Home - SAMPLE LESSON FREE

Send coupon for FREE Sample Lesson, "Getting Acquainted with Receiver Servicing," and FREE 64-page book, "Win Rich Rewards in Radio." See how N.R.I. trains you at home. Read how you practice building, testing, repairing Radios with SIX BIG KITS of Radio parts I send you.

### Future for Trained Men is Bright in Radio, Television, Electronics

The Radio Repair business is booming NOW. Fixing Radios pays good money as a spare time or full time business. Trained Radio Technicians also find wide-open opportunities in Police, Aviation, Marine Radio, in

Broadcasting, Radio Manufacturing, Public Address work, etc. Think of the boom coming now that new Radios can be made! Think of even greater opportunities when Television and Electronics are available to the public!

### Many Beginners Soon Make \$5, \$10 a Week EXTRA in Spare Time

The day you enroll I start sending EXTRA MONEY JOB SHEETS to help you make Our 31st Year of Training Men for Success in Radio

EXTRA money fixing Radios in spare time while learning. MAIL COUPON for sample lesson and 64-page book FREE. It's packed with facts about opportunities for you. Read about my Course. Read letters from men I trained, telling what they are doing, earning. MAIL COUPON in envelope or paste on penny postal.

**J. E. SMITH, President, Dept. 6BA3,  
National Radio Institute, Pioneer Home  
Study Radio School, Washington 9, D. C.**

### Good for Both - FREE

**MR. J. E. SMITH, Pres., Dept. 6BA3  
National Radio Institute, Washington 9, D. C.**

Mail me FREE, without obligation, your sample lesson and 64-page book. (No salesman will call. Please write plainly.)

Name..... Age.....

Address.....

City..... Zone..... State..... 4FR



**My Course Includes Training in  
TELEVISION • ELECTRONICS  
FREQUENCY MODULATION**



# "VEST POCKET" POWER

## Wartime battery research packs giant power into midget space

**E**LECTRONIC experts have lately outdone themselves in giving us "vest pocket" reception. They have made possible hearing aids easily concealed in the palm of the hand. They have designed radios the size of a cigarette case. And now they give us a postwar edition of the amazing Handie-Talkie—famed GI sending and receiving set.

A key to these accomplishments is "Eveready" batteries. One of these store-rooms of power, the "Eveready" "Mini-Max" battery, weighs only 1½ ounces. Yet, size for size, it is the most powerful "B" battery ever made.



**HANDIE-TALKIE** — five pounds of concentrated two-way radio. Powered with "Mini-Max" batteries, it will be ideal, when available, for fire fighting, outdoor jobs, exploring.



**BREAST-POCKET HEARING AID** — lets Dad hear his son play those first tunes. It measures 4¾ by 2½ inches and weighs a mere 6 ounces. Yet, its "Mini-Max" "B" Battery — available now — has phenomenally long life and amazing economy.



An "Eveready" "Mini-Max" Battery — 22½ volts of power — nestling, with an "Eveready" Flashlight Battery, in the palm of a hand. Unique construction of the "Mini-Max" battery packs more power into smaller space than ever before.

For longer flashlight life, insist on genuine "Eveready" batteries. They're dated to assure freshness. And fresh batteries last longer!



**SIZED LIKE A CIGARETTE CASE**, this radio is easily carried. Personal earphone permits listening without bothering others. Strong, day-long reception, thanks to the tiny, powerful "Mini-Max" battery, already available at dealers.

# EVEREADY

TRADE-MARK

\* The registered trade-marks "Eveready" and "Mini-Max" distinguish products of National Carbon Company, Inc.